

Choral Society Will Inaugurate Holidays

Relief Offered To Fatigued Students

By LOUIS EDDY

Today is the last issue of the student newspaper for the term; tonight at 8:30 nearly 400 McGill songsters, in what is now close to tradition, will mark the beginning of the Christmas season at the University. Essays are being written and exams are being studied for train, bus, and airplane reservations are being made and tickets bought. Fraternities and some residences are preparing parties and Santa Claus visits; Montreal service groups are preparing something for those unable to go home. What does it all add up to? The arrival of the Yuletide festival at a University community.

The last minute rush to finish assignments, catch up on notes for lectures missed, and to digest some of Redpath's inexhaustible source of catalogued volumes for coming exams before going home to rejoin the family circle are part of it as much as the festivities. It is a time to look forward to the pleasant as well as the painful. There are skiing trips, turkey dinners, meeting old friends, going to parties, skating, Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve, and an innumerable number of potential exciting and relaxing events to bring release from the normal routine of lectures, meals, sleep, weekends—no sleep, lectures, meals, sleep ad infinitum.

HAPPY PARENTS
To some students, going home means a three day train trip to the West; to others it means returning to the ever—ever land to the south and others will take the long and sometimes tiresome trip to the Maritimes. But to all students going home it resolves into anxious mothers and proud fathers extending greetings that at this time of the year always takes on a warmer more familiar air than at any other time.

COLD FACTS
Cold hard facts—those inescapable things that must be faced are there too: "Dec. 20, 1950, Wednesday. Last day for lectures in all faculties and schools." "Jan. 4, 1951, Thursday. Lectures resumed in Medicine, Dentistry, Graduate Studies, Music, Social Work and the School for Teachers. Second Term begins in Law. First term examinations begin in Arts, Science, Commerce, Engineering, Architecture, Physical Education, The School for Graduate Nurses, Divinity and Physiotherapy." "Jan. 11, 1951, Thursday. Second term begins for Arts, Science, Engineering" etc.

On a cold hard and matter-of-fact basis the former is the story of the Christmas season at McGill as given in the calendar. What a wonderful thing it is that this matter-of-fact thing is really not the fact of the matter.

REVUE

Attention aspiring young actors! The Revue is still looking for the right man to play the male lead. There is an urgent call out for a good male singer, musical comedy type, preferably a baritone. If you are interested, please drop down to the Revue Office in the Union. You may find yourself with the lead role in the production.

There will be two dance rehearsals over the week-end. The time is 1 p.m. Saturday and Sunday in the Union Ballroom. Boys need not come till 3 p.m. on Saturday. Sunday, everyone at 1 p.m.

There is still room for one or two people for small parts in the show. Anyone interested, please turn up.

Mid-terms to Start at 9 a.m.

Mid-term examinations will begin at 9 a.m., NOT 10 a.m. as has been the procedure in the past few years, and will run until 12 noon, Dean H. N. Fieldhouse of Arts & Science announced today. In the afternoon they will be held between 2 p.m. and 5 p.m.

The exams began at 9 a.m. before Dawson College was opened and the change was made to benefit commuting students.

Story of First Christmas; Popular Carols to Highlight Program

The McGill Choral Society's sixth annual "Sing at Christmas" concert will take place this evening at 8:30 in the Sir Arthur Currie Gym.

Tickets for the concert are available at Lindsay's and the International Music Store, and on the campus at the Arts Building, the Engineering Building, the Medical Building and the Union. They will also be sold at the door tonight. Tickets are priced at 75c each.

ASSISTING ARTISTS

The society will have Miss Doris Killam as accompanist. Miss Killam has been very active in Montreal music circles, assisting the Montreal Elgar Choir as well as doing radio work.

The part of the narrator for the program this year is being taken by Mr. Sam Vatcher. He performed this in last year's program.

Staffers Required To Attend Meeting

A meeting of all Daily staffers will be held today at 1 a.m. in the workshop of the Union. All staffers of the rank of reporter and above are required to attend. The agenda includes discussions on the Canadian University Press Conference, the Southam Trophy competition for Canadian College Newspapers, promotions, and any other business which staffers may wish to discuss.

A new president for the Daily Press Club will also be elected and plans for the Christmas party and the New Year will be made.

Christmas Varies

Foreign Countries Have Strange Christmas Customs—Poll Shows

By STAN TAVISS

How do you celebrate Christmas? Every country has its own customs and many of these are strange and wonderful. This fact was uncovered by a poll The Daily conducted yesterday among students of several foreign countries.

MEXICO

Elohim Raman came here last year from Mexico, which is predominantly Roman Catholic. Homes are decorated with flowers and a few weeks before Christmas a miniature altar representing the Nativity is erected in each house in preparation for the Posadas. This ceremony, which commemorates the journey of Mary and Joseph from Nazareth to Bethlehem starts nine days before Christmas. Every night the devout gather outside a different home and plead in Spanish for admittance.

BRAZIL

In Brazil which is still further south, Christmas is almost a summer festival, with flowers, fireworks, picnics, boating excursions and fiestas.

Renato Girolami, formerly of Italy, was surprised when he first came here to find that Christmas is an occasion for joyous celebration. In Italy it is a sacred holiday, highlighted by solemn church ceremonies. Most of the town attends an elaborate Midnight Mass. One feature we would find strange is the use of a miniature representation of the Nativity, called a Presepio, as a symbol instead of the evergreen tree Canadians are used to. The children are not given presents on Christmas but on the Feast of Epiphany twelve days later. Their Santa Claus is a female saint called Belana.

EUROPE

In France and Scotland the holiday centres around the New Year, not Christmas, culminating in the Epiphany or Feast of Kings. In Belgium and the Netherlands there are two festivals—a children's celebration on December 6 and a religious gathering on December 25.

In the Scandinavian Countries the cattle are fed special grains to commemorate their presence in the receive Julklapp, which are small but precious gifts.

At Last!

Physical Science Centre to Open For Students Early in January

"The Physical Science Centre is being rushed to completion and several parts of the building will be ready for use by early January," stated Mr. R. G. Defries of the Department of Building and Grounds. Construction on all five floors is being speeded up in order to make available to the students various sections of the building as soon as possible.

The Centre will contain libraries, lecture rooms and laboratories for the use of the students of physics, chemistry and metallurgy. The building is now completely enclosed. Windows are in place and the stone work on the front has been finished. Plastering and work on the floors is being rushed to completion. "Two class rooms on the ground floor and a number of offices on the second floor should be available for use early in January, however, there is still much work to be done on the lecture

hall, which has a seating capacity of 350," said Dr. Defries. The one-time bookstore is now well on the way to becoming a Metallurgy Lab. The front entrance will be between the physics and chemistry buildings. An appropriate mural will be erected in the foyer. Practically all the rooms are to have linoleum floors and the corridors will be covered in terrazo. Modern color schemes will be used in all the rooms with pastel shades predominating and there will be a large amount of window space. Fluorescent lighting will be used throughout the building and it is being flush-mounted in the ceilings of most rooms and corridors.

Tiled washrooms will be on each floor and the corridors have insets in the walls which will be used as display cases. In the basement there is a common room and locker room as well as the steam heating equipment.



Principal's Greetings

Christmas Is Re-dedication

A Happy Christmas to you all.

The spirit of Christmas Past, who began the conversion of old Scrooge, might have travelled much further than he did. Thousands of years ago, when men and women assembled round the Yule Log that burned upon the family hearth to celebrate the mid-winter festival, there was merriment and deep rejoicing in the rebirth of the dying Sun. All things were made new in that feast of family happiness and re-dedication to ideals of human brotherhood which had sometimes been forgotten in the hurly-burly of the year's activity.

To this, the most ancient of all our traditions, Christianity has added a new and richer meaning. There still rings in our ears, evoking a special response at this moment in the world's history, the message of the angel choirs "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."

You are the inheritors of that tradition, and I should like to express to each one of you personally my warm good wishes for a Very Happy Christmas. Whether you spend the day at home with your family, or among your friends, I hope that you may find all the hours delightful. I hope, too, that you may be privileged to contribute to the happiness of others around you. Dickens was profoundly wise when he revealed to us the fact that the reformed Scrooge found his greatest happiness on Christmas morning in sending the biggest of all turkeys to Bob Cratchit.

Once again then, A Happy Christmas to you. I hope, too, that each of you may find in the New Year which lies ahead of us the realization of some of your dreams and the imagination to formulate still richer dreams for the years that are still to come. "God bless us, every one."

— F. Cyril James

Graduates Note

Improved Job Outlook Reported By Placement Service Director

Good news for members of this year's graduating class came yesterday from director of the Placement Service.

In his annual report, Colin McDougall, the director, said the job outlook for the 1951 class was at least as good and perhaps better than in recent years.

Presented to the Annual Meeting of the McGill Placement Board in the Faculty Club yesterday, Mr. McDougall's report said: "Early in the winter of 1950 the outlook, for the graduating class appeared uncertain, and considerable difficulty in placing the huge number of graduating Engineers was

anticipated. By the end of the summer a shortage of candidates existed in many fields. The demand by employers, initially at least, was not as great as in previous years. This was evidenced by the fact that only 45 recruiting visits took place, as compared to 51 last year. From present indications, however, it appears that opportunities for the 1951 class will be as good or better than in previous years."

"Employers, as usual, had few jobs to offer women graduates, although many women graduates defer their job search until the fall, and a number are placed at that time."

World News Report

UN Creates Cease Fire Committee

Over opposition by the Soviet Block the United Nations Assembly yesterday approved an Asian-Arab resolution to set up a Cease Fire Committee. Among those named to the committee were Canada's L. B. Pearson, Assembly president Nasrollah Entezami of Iran, and Sir Benegal N. Rau of India. In explaining his stand against the motion Malik of the Soviet Union characterized the cease fire as a move to gain a breathing spell for the United States forces.

On the Korean front a force of 100,000 Chinese Reds imperilled the United Nations, Beachhead in

North Korea. A security blackout restricted other information on the withdrawals that are reported to be taking place in that area. On the western Korean front only patrol action was reported, while in the air a growing number of Russian built jets indicated the beginning of an all-out air war.

In Britain preparations are being made to send delegates to the North Atlantic Powers Conference in Brussels next week, and termination to speed the rearmament of Central Europe have been expressed. Meanwhile, in Parliament, Winston Churchill warned the Western World against the argument that "we must never use the atomic bomb until and unless it is used against us first."

On the other side of the Atlantic the eye of President Truman's report to the country on the world crisis brought rumors of a 4,000,000 man armed force for the United States by June, 1952, and the appointment of a famous industry leader to mobilize the home front.

Dr. James Endicott to Address Labour Club

Dr. James Endicott, head of the Canadian "peace" movement who has recently returned from the World Peace Congress in Warsaw, will speak to the Student Labour Club in the Union Ballroom at 5 p.m. today. Dina Nussgart, S.I.C. president, announced yesterday.

Aquatics Introduced At Athletics Night

McGill Cagers To Tackle Uconns

Fresh from their stunning upset win over the YMHA Blues, the senior cagers face their toughest opposition thus far this year when they take on the University of Connecticut Huskies in one of the feature events of tomorrow evening's Athletics Night.

With game time slated for eight p.m. in the main gym, the Redmen will be facing one of the best American teams ever to come this way. Boasting of a strong candidate for All-American honors in 6'2" forward Vince 'Yogi' Yokabaskas, the Yanks have no less than nine of their twelve men measuring six feet or more and seven returning lettermen from the team that won 17 of 25 games last season.

TEAM RECORD

During the course of this same season Yokabaskas piled up a total of 417 points for a new team record. This impressive mark averages out to 16.6 points per game. On the basis of his performances to date, he is expected to shatter this mark this season.

Not expected to be awed by this imposing record the Redmen are expected to give the highly touted invaders a stiff battle.

SAME LINE-UP

Hezitating to break up a winning combination, Coach Moe Abramowitz has decided, except for one change, to stand pat on the lineup that came through in such fine fashion. This change will see Smiley Wilson return to the lineup. He will replace Bruce Cunningham.

The only question mark as far as the lineup is concerned is Sol Tolchinsky. Tolchinsky, who suffered a recurrence of a knee injury in the game against St. Lawrence last Friday and missed both the Clarkson and YMHA contests will see a doctor today about his knee. This visit will decide whether Sol will play tomorrow.

Former Medical Staff Member Is Honored

London, Ont. (C.U.P.)—Another honor has been bestowed upon J. B. Collip, Dean of Medicine at Western University, and formerly on the McGill medical staff.

Two days ago it was announced in New York that he and Dr. Charles Herbert Best (who worked with the late Sir Frederick Bantling in the discovery of insulin) had been made honorary members of the New York Academy of Sciences. It is one of the oldest scientific organizations in the United States.

Program Includes Basketball, Boxing, Wrestling, Squash

By IRWIN GUTTMAN

A full evening of entertainment featuring events in McGill's new swimming pool is promised one and all when Athletics Night 1 gets underway at 8 p.m. in the Sir Arthur Currie Gym. Tomorrow night's festivities mark the first of two such nights planned for the 1950-51 season.

Under the chairmanship of Pete Robinson, the night really does of-

fer "An event for every Temperament. There will be swimming and water polo in the new Memorial Swimming Pool, Squash, Boxing, Wrestling and Basketball. In addition, Coach Vic Obeck of the Football Redmen, will show movies on the highlights of the past football season and will add his own commentary in what should prove a worthwhile event.

BASKETBALL

The Basketball attraction should thrill all sport fans. The Uconns, from the University of Connecticut, rated as one of the best American College teams seen in Montreal, will take on our own Redmen, fresh after an important win over the Y.M.H.A., last year's Canadian Dominion Championship winners. Coach Moe Abramowitz's boys will be at full strength for the encounter which will probably be the sternest opposition they will receive all year. This means that such fellows as Shel Merling, Dave Caldwell, Sol Tolchinsky, Ben Tissenbaum, Don Finlayson and all will line up for the opening whistle.

This Athletics Night will be the first one in McGill's history that will offer aquatic events as attractions. The swimmers will meet the C.A.S.A. All-Stars and the Water Polo team will vie for Intercollegiate honours when they take on the Toronto Varsity Water Polo team. Due to increased number of practices the Waterpolists have been having, the McGill squad is in fine fettle and playing the best ball of the season. Onesti, Walters, Dickstein and company will be trying hard to avenge the defeat they took at the hands of Varsity two weeks ago.

GRUNT AND GROAN

Alan Turnbull's wrestlers will show against Champlain's Blue-Jays. Newcomer Neil MacKenzie will wrestle in the Heavy Weight division and Bob McLeod will start in the lightweight division. Bert Light's boxers are trying to go. Dick Gareau, the Regina flash, Archie Kovacks, the only McGill Intercollegiate Champion last year and Bob McAlister are some of the McGill stalwarts.

The evening's entertainment will close with a dance in the main gym. The music will be supplied by the newly formed McGill concert band and the ever popular Westernaires.

\$50,000 Given To McGill Says Principle James

More than \$50,000 in gifts, grants and bequests to McGill University were acknowledged yesterday by Dr. F. Cyril James. Included in the gifts are fellowships, scholarships, and gifts for student aid.

Among gifts for fellowships and scholarships are annual donations to maintain the Isaac Bruck Memorial Scholarships in Commerce and Haematology, \$1,000; annual donation for a fellowship in Industrial and Cellulose Chemistry, \$1,000; McGill Alumnae Society—donation for bursaries, \$600.

Included in the gifts for general and special purposes are donations to the Hugh McLennan Travelling Libraries Fund—for special equipment, \$5,000; Grant for research in the Department of Paediatrics, \$1,000; Annual grant for research in the Department of Biochemistry, \$2,500; Donations for building alterations at Chancellor Day Hall, \$25,961.58.

Gifts for specific research aid include a grant for research in the Department of Experimental Surgery by Dr. S. B. Ullman; \$2,200.

Radio Series Casting

Casting for the Radio Workshop and Drama Series, part of the Little Theatre series on CJAD, will take place at 1 p.m. in the Union on December 20. All those interested, boys and girls are invited to come down and try out for any part that they are interested in. Selections will be chosen for talent and ability.

Seniors to Complete Personal Record Forms

All fourth year men students are asked to complete a Personal Record before the Christmas holidays.

The form of this purpose was developed by the McGill Placement Service in an effort to secure a maximum of information concerning each student. It will be used as an aid in placing graduates. It will also be useful to the various Faculties of the University when they consider applications for admission to Professional or Graduate schools. While the information provided by any student will only be made available with his consent, it is highly desirable that all students should complete the form. This requires about an hour.

ARRANGEMENTS

Arrangements have been made to have the Personal Record completed as follows:

Thursday, Dec. 14th:
2:00 p.m.—Room 200 Chancellor Day Hall (3544 Peel street.)
4:00 p.m.—Room 200 Chancellor Day Hall (3544 Peel street.)
Friday, Dec. 15th:
11:00 a.m.—Moyse Hall, Arts Bldg.
Wherever a fourth year student can attend at any of these times and places, without missing lectures, he is asked to do so. One or two alternative hours are being arranged for next week for students who are not free at any of the hours given here.

H. N. Fieldhouse, Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Science.

Xmas Mood To Invade Daily Party

The Daily's annual Christmas Party will get underway in the Union Lounge at nine o'clock on Monday night, the Press Club has announced. The event which is the 'party of the year' for Daily staffers is slated to include skits, songs, and the unloading of the Christmas tree by Santa Claus himself if possible.

Gwen Howard, Press Club treasurer, in charge of decorations for the event has promised a scheme in keeping with the Christmas spirit and a tree. Staff members are expected to each bring a small gift for another staffer costing not more than twenty-five cents.

Ivan Aron, who has in the past produced some of the Daily's outstanding entertainments will be in charge of the special events on the programme.

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A Fleeting Glimpse of Peace

It is hard to write something for the Christmas season which will be merely a conventional thing. Yet even to express goodwill is the thing to do is not such a bad idea. It is better to have goodwill at Christmas time than not at all. We all feel better when we catch something of the mood of generosity and forgiveness and friendliness. It is a fleeting glimpse of peace.

But then we wonder: why must it be only a fleeting glimpse? This moment of goodwill is itself a good thing; why must it be only a moment? If instead of forgetting the world's troubles and our own for the holidays, we approach them in the spirit of Christmas, it might make a difference. For goodwill is a constructive force, even in this kind of world. The Christmas season gives us a glimpse of a better kind of life and a better kind of world. If we forget the message of peace and

worse for everyone. The message of Christmas is either fantasy or it is the supreme truth—that goodwill is the road to peace because God made the world that way. goodwill for the rest of the year, so much the

Letters to The Editor

A Thought I Think

Dear Ed:

Twice yesterday a thought I think, Which proves all other thoughts are bunk, Now we're here I'm sure had ought To think the thought I thought. But when again I think my thought There weren't no words with which to caught The thought, I think, I think I thought.

JOHN SLATER

Students' Forum

The "X" in "Xmas"

By ROLLAND La PRAIRIE

Who is the culprit responsible for this unholy adulteration? What was his motive in introducing the "X"? Was it the questionable need for abbreviation? If so, why so unorthodox?

Has it ever occurred to you how this "modernized" and "popular" version of the word CHRISTMAS typifies what has become of that great and ancient feast? This feast commemorates a most glorious and noble event in the annals of mankind, the birth of the infant CHRIST. Have we "modern christians" unwittingly fallen prey to a CHRISTMAS spirit that has become anything but what it should be... what it once was? Have we forgotten the profound meaning of the first CHRISTMAS night in Bethlehem?... and become more concerned with gifts and plumb pudding? Have we substituted "X" for CHRIST?

This 20th century that we have inherited, if it can produce anything, should produce a strong quest in our hearts for a cornerstone, a basis, on which to build our hopes and desires

for peace. Not a peace that is merely a truce between two armies with guns cocked, but a true peace, first within the individual, then within the family, and the nations. In the scientific tradition of our age we usually represent that we are looking for, the answer, by an "X." This symbol serves a useful purpose until we laboriously arrive at the true answer... but, when we were given the answer one thousand nine hundred and fifty years ago, it is somewhat ridiculous to replace the true answer by an "X."

The bright star in the eastern sky bore a good omen to the shepherds and wise men who observed it on that first CHRISTMAS night. It signalled the birth of CHRIST, our Saviour. If you have any intellectual appreciation of the condition the world is in, you will put aside any difference and sophistication, you will get down on your knees and in all humility, ask CHRIST on His birthday to guide us in the days ahead. You too, can find the good omen, but you have to look up and above this busy world that surrounds us.

Christmas in America

Roast Turkey and Oyster Dressing

The adventurers who planted the town on the banks of the Ohio River were certain it would be a seat of great farms, a port for the burgeoning West, and a center of riches and influence. They gave its streets such proud names as Washington and Maryland and they called the village America. In the 1820s it grew fast. Then shifting sands moved the river channel and its commerce away, and a terrible epidemic swept the town. By 1835 its brave dream was dying; in the century after that, America, Ill. almost vanished.

Last week, as it prepared to celebrate Christmas, America was not much more than a scattering of house along a mile of muddy road—the original river town had long since disappeared and its traces had been erased by flowing. America's farms were small; its citizens tilled a hundred, or thirty, or even five acres of soybeans, cotton or berries in a land where a thousand acres is the measure of a man of substance. But as the sleek swept across the tawny fields, America was busy, contented and full of hope.

The Coming of the King. The general store, a narrow, yellowing building which had been the railway station in the days when trains still stopped at America, was in the center of America's Christmas rush. In a fit of modesty it wasn't much of a store—its own water supply, had long since given up trying to make a living out of it and had gotten a job up the river at Cairo (rhymes with faro). But it was, nevertheless, a great institution in America—a club and a forum, and a source for almost anything America's housewives had forgotten to pick up in the city stores. Mrs. Schnaare was glad to keep it open a few hours every day just as a community service.

Its ancient, arched glass showcases and shelves provided hominy grits, black-eyed peas, meats, light bulbs, soft drinks, laundry soap, fruit-jar caps, boxes of W. E. Garrett & Sons Sweet Mild Snuff, Ramon's Pink Pills, leaf twist tobacco, spoons of J. & J. Coats thread and a hundred other items. As America's citizens gossiped around the four-foot, coal-fired iron stove, the talk was full of Christmas doings.

Like most rural towns, America would eat well—homemade fruit cakes, mashed potatoes and gravy, roast turkey with oyster dressing. There would be presents under every Christmas tree. And in the American Christian Church, Mrs. Bertha Hayden held rehearsals all week long for the pageant of "The Coming of the King."

"The Shepherd of Israel." This year, because the Rev. Ben H. Cleaver is only able to serve on alternate Sundays, the farm folk of the congregation went to Christmas services a week early.

The bare little church, with its severe vanished interior, its 17 pews, was jammed, as always, with Americans and their children in their Sunday best. The tall, 68-year-old pastor took his text from Matthew 21: "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the King, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem...." The minister laid down his Testament, and began his sermon:

"The Prophet Micah in the Old Testament called Bethlehem small compared with other towns; but it had a notable history, even before his prophecy that from it would come 'The Shepherd of Israel'.... The wise men of Matthew's account may have been reluctant to leave the capital city, Jerusalem, at the direction of the scribes, and journey eight miles further to this modest village. But though they left Herod and his palace behind them, they went on and found indeed the genuine Prince of the House of David...."

"To great things of truth and life cannot be measured by walls and towers, square miles and boulevards, throngs of men and women or thunderous salutes from artillery. Not the place, or the grandeur, but the honest, open heart of those who will receive Him, can mark the birth and the rule of this redeeming Savior, God's gift to the world."

As the families of America headed home after the closing hymn, they looked like the people of many another congregation across the land—people with steady faith in themselves and the world in which God had placed them. (Time: December 1949)

Book Review

Arthur Currie: A Study

Reviewed by

Principal G. G. D. Kilpatrick, D.S.O., D.D.

Arthur Currie by H. M. Urquhart; J. M. Dent & Sons, Price: \$5.00

It is greatly to be regretted that the publication of this biography of Sir Arthur Currie has been so long delayed that many of the very men who knew him best, and loved him most, have passed away. No blame is to be attached to Colonel Urquhart for this delay.

"Sandy" Urquhart, as he was known to his friends, was himself one of the great Canadian soldiers of the First World War. Wounded almost to death in the Amiens show, he never regained his health. It is a token of Colonel Urquhart's courage that for years during which he was never well, he continued to labor at this work, pausing only to answer the call of his beloved regiment in the Second World War. The book shows the defects of a prolonged and broken authorship. Once the immense amount of relevant material had been sifted and organized, the work should have been written at white heat while the author's mind was stirred by the greatness of his subject; but Colonel Urquhart was physically unable to do this, and had, for protracted periods, to lay aside his task and then return to it, blowing upon the cold ashes he had left to recover the glow and warmth of the fire. He never quite succeeded; the result is a book uneven in quality and inspiration. Nevertheless all Canada is debtor to the brave gentleman who, despite infirmities and frustrations, gave us this vivid account of the Corps and its Commander. There may yet be greater biographies of Sir Arthur to be written, but none will come from the pen of a more gallant figure or a truer friend.

Early Years

The first section of the book is devoted to an account of Sir Arthur's early years. It is a picture of a quite undistinguished Canadian youngster. There is really nothing in this period of Sir Arthur's life which suggests the greatness he was yet to show. On the contrary, this section closes with the picture of a man who lost his head in a real estate boom, and as Colonel Urquhart says, "threw reason to the winds, invested his all in real estate, and advised clients and friends to do likewise." The result when the boom broke was disaster. How to reconcile that picture with that of the man who, literally overnight, became a military leader, who throughout his subsequent career displayed a soundness of judgment, a capacity to weigh all factors in any situation, and a cautious commonsense far beyond that of others, is beyond the reader to understand. Colonel Urquhart's presentation of the facts is not to be questioned, but the mystery remains of the sudden transformation of a businessman who failed, into a soldier who magnificently succeeded.

The second section of the book is quite the best. It deals with Sir Arthur's military career. As a condensed history of the formation and achievements of the Canadian Corps, it is masterly. Colonel Urquhart has here shown a penetrating discrimination and a praiseworthy self-discipline, in confining himself to the significant and decisive events of four years of incessant

battle. Only once does the soldier in him overcome the biographer when in Chapter Eight he gives a detailed account of the critical battle at Ypres in April 1915. It was a chaotic struggle and only a military man can appreciate the account of an action so fluid as to defy accurate reporting.

In modern warfare nobody involved in action sees a battle, but only his own hot corner of it. It is therefore, to the ordinary reader, gain that Colonel Urquhart does not try to describe in detail any of the subsequent actions in which the Corps won its reputation and Sir Arthur a mounting fame. In the account of these years we see the battalion commander gaining in experience, authority, and power, until the supreme moment when the former businessman became the Corps Commander of one of the greatest fighting forces on the Western Front. It is a magnificent record achieved solely by proven merit, and by the unanswerable right of such character and power as made Sir Arthur the ONE man for the responsibility and honour of leading the Canadian Corps.

His rise was increasingly marked by three characteristics of true leadership. First, his capacity to choose the right men for his staff, and to delegate to them authority. Only in an emergency did he intervene in the policy or decisions of his commanders. If, however, through their own fault they failed, his judgment was swift. Second, his keen decisive judgment of a situation or a plan of action. Sir Arthur was deliberate in reaching a conclusion, but once made, it stood. He had the courage of his convictions imperitously he faced criticism, and only a direct order from the higher command availed to alter his decisions. Third, was his capacity to win and hold the confidence and honor of his officers. Colonel Urquhart acknowledges frankly that Sir Arthur had not a likeability to win the men in the ranks. To them he appeared aloof, cold and impersonal commander. Whether by ignorance of their psychology, or a complete inability to put his life alongside of theirs, the fact remains that he was by no means the idol of his troops. It was altogether different with his officers, and in particular those who stood closest to him. That was demonstrated in his overwhelming fashion at the famous, or rather infamous, trial at Cobourg. What that trial cost Sir Arthur none can say, but through it there came to him an amazing proof of the place he held in the honor and love of those who served with him.

Leadership at McGill

The third section of the book is devoted to an account of Sir Arthur's Principalship of McGill. To University men this is probably the least successful phase of the biography. It was a daring thing for McGill to choose as its Principal a man without academic background or scholastic attainment. But Sir Arthur did not fail the trust imposed in him. To unfamiliar tasks he brought to bear the same qualities of leadership which made him

the great Commander. During his regime McGill passed through critical days but emerged more secure in reputation, better equipped in buildings, better staffed in men. Due credit must be given to the Principal who in years of declining strength gave himself unreservedly to the interest of the University and in the doing of it, as always, grappled to him in honour and friendship, those with whom he worked.

One feature of the biography is to be regretted, namely the prominence given to the unhappy story of the enmities, jealousies, and intrigues so apt to gather about a man thrust into fame. Of these Sir Arthur had more than his share. They shortened his life and added immeasurably to his burdens. The only justification for the emphasis given to these sordid things is the fact that in meeting them, Sir Arthur evinced a greatness of spirit which refused to permit his personal suffering to interfere with his duty to the Corps, or affect his leadership of it. At the last he had his vindication in the Courts, but at the cost of his life.

After Cobourg he was never the same. His courage was undiminished, but the drain on his physical strength was more than his wearied body could sustain. So the shadows close on the life of a man who gave himself for his country and in the doing of it won a name that will live in Canadian history. At the dinner given to Sir Arthur by his officers after the Cobourg trial, the writer of this review closed his address on that occasion with these words:

"Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?"

It is the generous spirit whose high Endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before it always bright

Who comprehends his trust and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim

Who if an unexpected call succeed
Come when it will is equal to the need.

'Tis finally the man who lifted high
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye
Plays in the many games of life that one
Where what he most doth value must be won.

This is the happy warrior, this is he
That every man in arms should wish to be."

That was Sir Arthur Currie, soldier, great citizen, great gentleman.

DIVINITY HALL

McGill University
3520 University St.
MORNING CHAPEL
9:40 to 9:55 a.m.

Tues., Dec. 12—
Rev. H. L. Hertzler.
Wed., Dec. 13—
Very Rev. Dean Evans.
Thurs., Dec. 14—
Principal Kilpatrick.
Fri., Dec. 15—
Dr. Robert George.
CAROL SERVICE
Fri., Dec. 15, at 1:20 p.m.
Christmas Carols by combined chorus of the Student Christian Movement and the Canterbury Club.
Sun., Dec. 17—11 a.m.
Rev. E. Clifford Knowles
All members of the University are invited to attend

Arena Performs One-Act Plays

Two Chekov Plays and "Death Comes To My Friends," by Carl Dollman were presented by Arena Wing last night. While Chekov's capacity to present individuals in psychological underwear was admirably realized, the tragic irony of "Death Comes To My Friends" was not fully explored.

The Proposal: Miss Elinor Halsted was delightfully cast in the role of the practical small-landholder's daughter. George Dorance, as the palpitating suitor, seemed a little ill at ease on the stage, but this was covered to a large extent by the part he played. Barrie McLean, as the girl's father, stalked the stage with a pert abruptness which was very effective.

Death Comes To My Friends. The MCGILL ETHNICS
PIL ION RCME
FM LRB GRMER
APT BRRIN IS
HUR CR NOS ST
OSIR R-ENTIZY
U ROYSE U M
SO OK RED RM
U SP YET YES
U SIT I RM R
PHYLOGENETIC
OC NE N TAP
WNEED CNOSTS

Puzzled, H-m-m?

central idea of "Death Comes to My Friends," i.e. the gods kill for their sport except the one to whom life is a burden, is a contrivance which might have been compensated for if the actors had fully projected themselves into their respective roles of concern or want of it. Prince Aleci was more the martyr of his impersonator, Neil Gillman, than of fate. Miss Taylor has somewhat overdone the cast of the blase Lady Lenster. Betty Yelland, Aleci's love, played with a warm tenderness.

The Bear Chekov's satire deals with the rights and affections of women. The 'bear' played by Dimitrius Codunis has ruthlessly, and brilliantly unmasked the foibles of the weaker sex will. A savage irony of tone inflection and full projection into his role, Codunis completely captivated the audience and marked himself as the best actor of the evening. The coy, self-indulgent widow, (Margherita Valguarnera) also played well, although her part was easier than that of Codunis, the impersonated qualities being universally feminine.

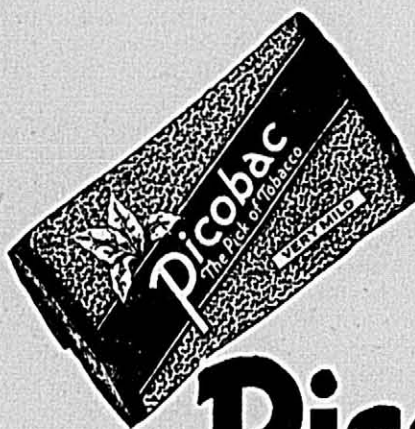
In conclusion we cannot fail to congratulate Jim Kirk, Elohim Raman and Mr. Loukides again. We feel that their hard work has kept up the standard of production and direction that was so noticeable in "Ghosts" last year. This smoothness was particularly in evidence in the second play where timing played an important part.

A. E. and J. R.

BMOC*



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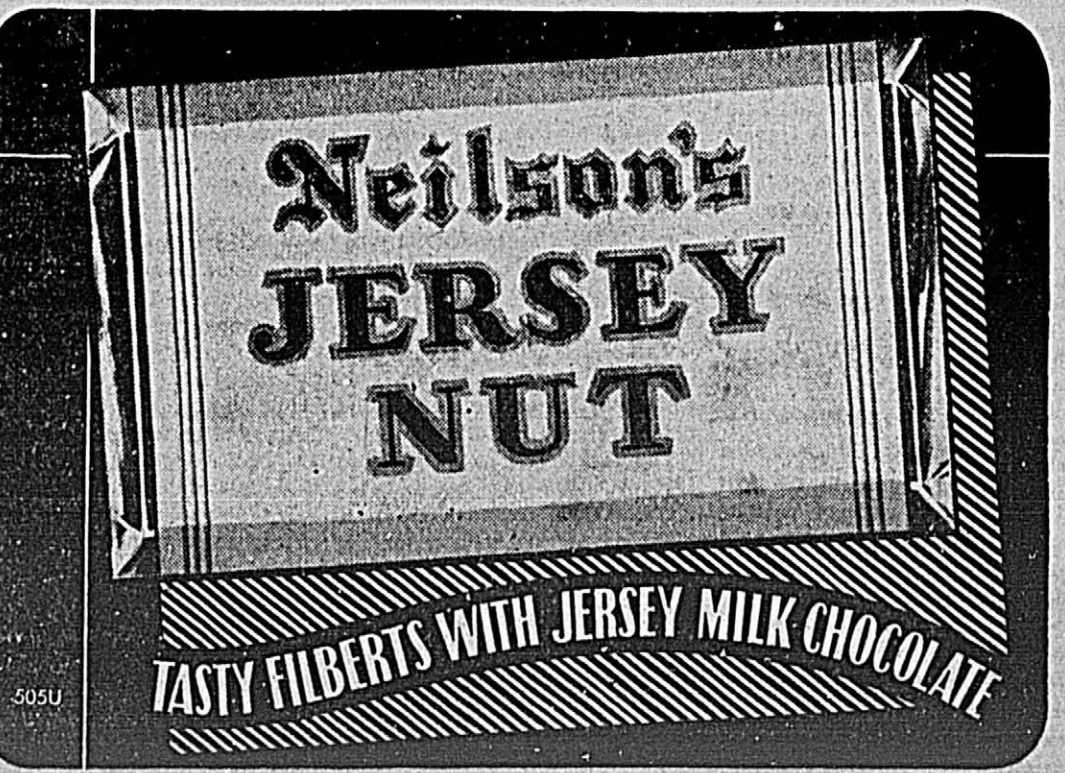
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'GOD BLESS US EVERY ONE'

Bunny for Billy

by Jim Ross

any broken puffs of whiteness were falling and flecking the cold window panes. Through widening rifts of unconsciousness the melting snow flakes on wet glass cut the sleep of the sleeping boy. Billy with quickening heart beat shook off night and sprang from his bed into the dawn. Far below on the mottled pavements of sand and cement, a magic brush dabbed white on brown faster and faster until the ashen sky seemed to be drifting like a great sponge onto the world. And a child in bare feet on a cold floor, thrilled to the message of the snow. It was Christmas Day.

"Merry Christmas, Billy," drifted up to him from downstairs. The voice of his mother was brisk and cheerful. "I've got your stocking. Come and see what Santa Claus has given you. Your sister's already got hers."

Billy grabbed his dressing gown and breathless, arrived in his mother's room. His mother kissed him. He saw she was dressed differently and he remembered her restless caution of a week ago as she elaborately picked the gaudy patterns, one by one. His father kissed him also and prepared to enjoy himself calmly with a bowl of the best Virginian. Clara, his sister, was throttling her stocking around the knee, caressing through white cotton the nameless nearness beneath.

"Now hurry up children," said their mother. "We have to be in church by ten o'clock." The children responded and raced through their stockings. Plunging arms and twitching fingers crumpled tissue, but the deeper they plunged, the further into the dark withdrew the elusive spirit until he finally melted with decorum into the toe. Mountains of candy loaded the beds and also oranges, ties, and clever knickknacks. Clara put her arms slowly around the finished product and pulled the pile to her thin little chest. The parents smiled, one nervously, one benignly over the Santa Claus confectionery store.

"Now children," Mother said. "Leave your stuff here until after breakfast and then we'll go and see what is under the tree." The children gave their parents a panted smile and walked out slowly together. Clara sinking her hand shyly into Billy's.

At breakfast Mrs. Saunders outlined the day's activities harrassed to her husband. There were the presents to be opened and she hoped the tree lights would work. She'd had to have the electrician up a few days ago to fix them. And then he hung around, obviously expecting a Christmas present. She hoped the church wasn't crowded. They never save the regular pews long enough. Also the children got restless if the service were too

The Russmas

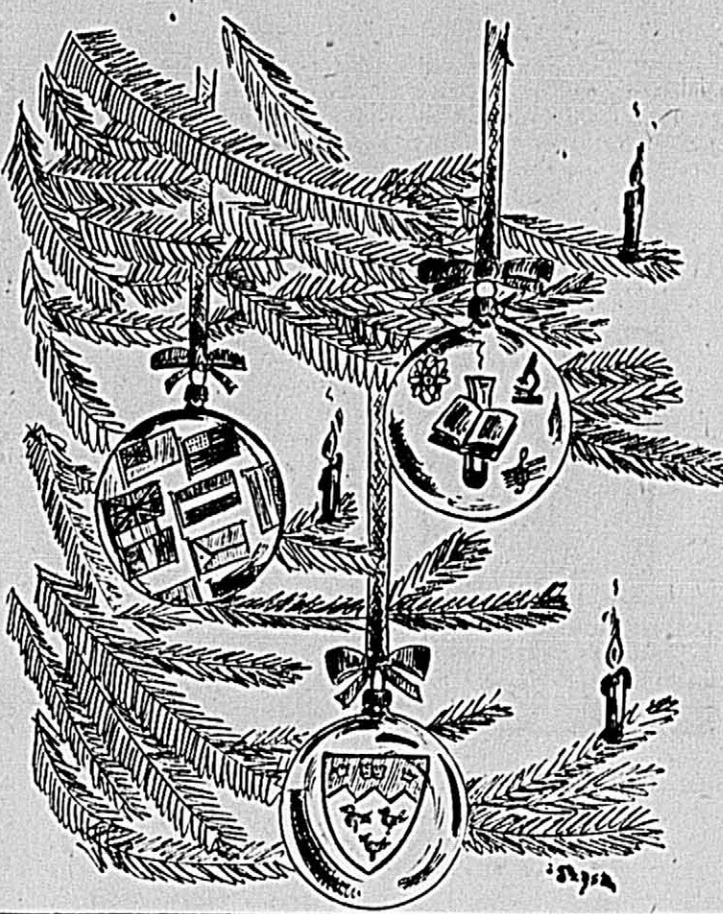
by Milton Winston

Ivan?
Jah.
What are you doing?
I was thinking.
Bourgeois!
Ivan?
Jah.
You know what day it is?
Lenin's birthday?
No.
Stalin's?
No.
End of the Five Year Plan?
No.
Don't bother me.
Ivan?
Jah.
It think it's Russmas.
Pass the Borsch.
Ivan?
(slurp).
Ivan?
Jah.
Did you hang your stocking up?
No.
Why?
I'm wearing them.
Ivan?
Jah.
Will Santa Stalin come down the chimney this year?
Jah.
Will he leave the same thing as last Russmas?
Jah.
But I'm tired of reading the Manifesto.
Capitalist!
Ivan, are we going to have a statue of Stalin decorated in lights this year?
Jah.
Father Stalin is good to us.
Jah.
Ivan?
Jah.
Did we invent plum pudding yet?
Jah.
We're going to have a good Russmas this year.
Thank Father Stalin.
Well merry Marx!
Merry Marx!

Things, a bottle of imported Scotch" . . . Matilda says. . . .
The infant in the pram let out a squeal of anguish then lapsed into a punctuated hysterical sobbing. Both couples turned. In horror they saw Billy grinding with his rubber heel the little pink bunny into the snow. One round green glass eye rolled leisurely for a moment on the pavement then trickled to a stop. And from the boy's eyes a stream of blinding tears coursed down his cheeks.

The Saunders' met another family on their way to church. Mr. and Mrs. Wright were wheeling in a perambulator a tiny daughter, clutching a little pink bunny with green eyes and a tenderly pouting mouth. She chattered softly to the furry animal lying against her.

"Lovely weather isn't it, Mrs. Wright" . . . "You know Bill, that old guy I was telling you about in the bank, well he sent me, of all



Holiday Spirit

by Amnon Kahn

It is Christmas. And once more we are exhausted by the last burst of activities that are sweeping the campus. Students are taking part more than ever in the final round of events for the year 1950 at McGill. Dances see a large number of students present, basketball games have more than capacity crowds, and clubs are drawing many students to their closing yearly meetings. There is a final rush to indulge once more in the social discourse which has become such an integral part of the daily life at the Union. But then silence assumes its reign over the McGill campus. The staff and students rest from lectures and meetings, the crystals of snow remain undisturbed by the treading of students, and the buildings echo in their emptiness.

The final rush to get all courses up to date is over. Subjects that have remained incomplete till now will have to remain so until after Christmas. The Holiday spirit has overpowered all students. It is Christmas, and a time for joy and merriment. All cares are forgotten. The New Year is arriving. Our difficult Latin translations, our psychological theories, our quest for knowledge is temporarily cast aside with the approach of the holidays.

Some of us have planned to spend

our vacation in New York. Others have planned to spend a few days in the Laurentian winter wonderland, in order to make the neighbouring mountains once again a McGill outpost. Some of us are going home to spend Christmas with our families. Perhaps there may even be some who intend to spend their vacation in Europe. But on one thing we are all resolved: That this Christmas must be spent in the most interesting manner possible.

The New Year is arriving. And with it goes the many New Year's resolutions that one makes, and yet finds impossible to keep. And for a moment we begin to wonder what the year 1951 holds for us. We begin to wonder whether this will at least be the year of true "peace and goodwill for all men." And in thinking of the future we are reminded of the past, of the wars and bloody battles that have ensued through time. But we do not lose hope. We continue to believe that each new year will bring more and more brightness to the world. Each year brings with it a new faith in mankind.

Yes, the Christmas has arrived and the New Year follows. Once again we say farewell to one trying year and welcome another. The holidays are here; Christmas with its solemn joy, New Year with its worldly gaiety.

Where & When

by Dinny Stern

This year as another Christmas eve rolls around, we prepare to hang up our well-darned stockings, and decorate our trees in anticipation of the yuletide season. These traditions date back almost as far as our historians can relate.

In ancient times, many peoples of vastly different temperaments celebrated their most elaborate and extravagant festivals during the month of December. The Mediterranean countries observed the feast of Saturnalia on December 22. These feasts were spectacular orgies signaling the birthday of the new sun which was at this time returning once more toward the earth. In Scandinavia, England, and Northern Germany there was a December festival honoring the "god of golden sunshine." These pagans were the scene of dancing, singing, and rejoicing, and were known as the time of Jule; hence our word, Yuletide.

Many varied traditions have grown out of these early pagan rites. The practice of giving gifts to one's friends and relatives originated amongst the Romans during the feast of the Saturnalia.

Floral Decorating

The custom of decorating trees grew up in Germany where fir trees were adorned with flowers, fruit, or brightly coloured ornaments. In England, the custom was introduced in the nineteenth century by Albert, Prince Consort, who brought it from Germany. The Germans were not the only race to partake in this habit. The use of flowering trees dates back to the Feast of the Tabernacles of the Jews, the laurel of the Romans, and several Northern European customs. The Saxons used holly and ivy in many of their religious ceremonies.

The tradition of the Yule log is probably a variation on the characteristic bonfire of the sun festivals by which people of old marked the stages of progress in the earth's course around the sun. And so these many traditions have spread throughout the world, bringing with them joy and cheer and goodwill to all men.

Children of God

by Milton Winston



If the gang was chasing Larry. Five against one and he was being encircled. The two Poles from across the track, the French kid, the rich snobbish one and the English fellow with the strange accent.

"Dirty Jew, Larry is a Jew-boy," the chant became a childish sing-song. Larry stopped, his fist clenched, tears streaming down his eyes. If only he could take them on one at a time. Two at a time even. He'd show them what he could do.

They formed a circle about him. They knew he was cornered and were waiting for the final crash. He would fall on the ground and plead while they beat him up. Not too hard; but enough to show their superiority.

The rich one with the impeccable dress came too far within Larry's orbit. Larry lunged and pushed him to the ground. He smacked him in the pit of the stomach and ran. He could hear the startled whelp of anguish and he had only to deal with four more.

They were more cautious. They picked up some stones and followed him. Larry was crying and looked around for help. The grown-ups only laughed.

"Dirty Jew, sneaky lousy Jew," they were still behind him.

Father Donn stepped from under the gothic arch of the church. He saw that it was a pleasant day and was exceedingly pleased. It was going to be a snowless Christmas; but then again you can't have everything. The people were rushing to prepare for Christmas day. The trees, the little lights, the presents were so comforting in the unreliable world. Everything appeared to be in a state of chaos, except for the feeling of this holy day. He smiled and forgot that the years had left their mark on him. A thin crop of white hair, a slight aging stoop and a thin taut unsteady smile.

"Dirty Jew, sneaky lousy Jew," broke through his thoughts. The conflict was here again. The world would not let him go. He saw a tiny body racing through the streets. Behind he watched four others trying to capture it. It annoyed him to see the holy spirit violated. Was there still prejudice? He felt his age and wanted to escape into the church. He knew that he was only retreating. Forming a hard shell and then forgetting. It was too much for one man to do. There were Bible study groups and sermons and . . . but he knew that very few attended or listened. They were interested in dynamic deeds. The Crusades, the deeds against the infidels, missionaries being burned alive. They were irrational. He wiped his forehead and looked into

the sky. It was almost a pleasant day. The sun was unusually strong. "Dirty Jew," again the ancient chant came back to him. He shuddered. The foolishness of it all. On Christmas Day. The folly of mortal men. When would man learn to love man? Not in his life time. He felt it and was sorry. A horrible waste obsessed him. The uselessness of man. Only in the spirit could it be obtained. But what of today, the living live and are only dead when they stop breathing.

Larry saw the man standing on the church steps. His mouth was sore and salty. The man was smiling and looked sympathetically at him. If he could reach him he may have a chance. Then he realized that he was a priest. He was one of them. In desperation he stopped and turned to meet his foes. Before they had a chance to get their bearings he plunged through them. The attack was swift and savage, Larry was pulled down and beaten but put up a ferocious defence. He was allowed to get up and walk off. Larry turned around and looked at his attackers. They were dirty, one of them had been cut savagely about the mouth, the others looked sheepishly away. Larry smiled, he had fought and only lost physically. They would not chase him again.

Father Donn felt the warmth again. It was becoming an enjoyable afternoon. He watched the boy walk off and he felt good. It was inevitable that it should end that way. He looked at the oppressors and beckoned them forward. They approached and he went into the church. He tried to explain the basic concepts of man, the necessity of human understanding. Their faces were blank. They resembled the earth; their blankness was universal. He sighed.

All he could add was "Christ was a Jew."

He saw it all. How simple it was. (Continued on Page 4)

Wopsle Wishes

'Merry Christmas Stoodents!'

by Edmund Reid

found Professor Wopsle in the Department of Eaton's dining the merits of a Log Cabin instruction set with an Architect student named Terry Reid. "Hello sir!" I exclaimed. "I expect to see you here!"

"How do you do, young man," replied cordially. "If you wrap this set I will take it with me. One of my stoodents was kind enough to come down and advise me on the purchase, and he assumed that the set is structurally sound. How much did you pay?"

"I'm sorry, sir," I explained apologetically. "I am not the clerk. I'm just a McGill student from your course on Applied Obscurity. Remember?"

"A stoodent! Excuse me—Jones, is that a stoodent?"

"No sir—Reid."

"Of course, of course. The name slipped my mind just for a moment; all this Christmas hustle and bustle is very confusing, you know. I'm picking out a few things for the kiddies while Mrs. Wopsle takes them for a ride on the Toytown train."

"Are you expecting any unusual gifts this Christmas, Professor?"

He smiled genially. "Well—a father peculiar parcel has arrived which has me somewhat puzzled. On the outside is a tag reading only 'From a Stoodent'. I have shaken the package in an attempt to obtain a clue as to its contents, but all I can hear is a steady muffled 'tick tick' sound."

"Probably an alarm clock," I suggested.

Exams Unfair?

The conversation then shifted to plans for the holidays.

"Don't you think it unfair," I asked, "that students should have to spend a great deal of the Christmas Holidays studying for mid-term exams?"

Professor Wopsle laughed heartily. "Gracious, no!" he exclaimed, "It keeps them out of mischief. Be-

sides, I know of no more pleasant way to spend a vacation than having fun with a few books. Delightful!"

"But what about those of us who like to go skiing up north?" asked



the Architecture student, who had remained silent until now.

"Skiing up north? By all means! A day of exercise in the open air, and then a cosy evening curled up beside a fire with a good textbook

on Obscurity—what mere could you ask for?"

I had heard of other possibilities, but this hardly seemed the time to mention them.

A Rolling Stone

"Do you ski, Professor?" I inquired.

"Do I ski, the stoodent asks! Indeed, I excelled in the sport until two years ago, when an unfortunate accident occurred."

"An accident?"

"Yes, I was coming down Mont Tremblant on a day when the trail was covered with a new snowfall. The conditions were bad because the snow was remarkably sticky. Unfortunately I lost my balance, fell, and began rolling down hill. 'Fore,' I cried loudly. Women screamed, strong men fainted, and children ran for shelter. You see, the snow stuck to me in ever-increasing quantities so that I soon look on the appearance of a gi-

(Continued on Page 4)

A Winter Night

by Endre Ady

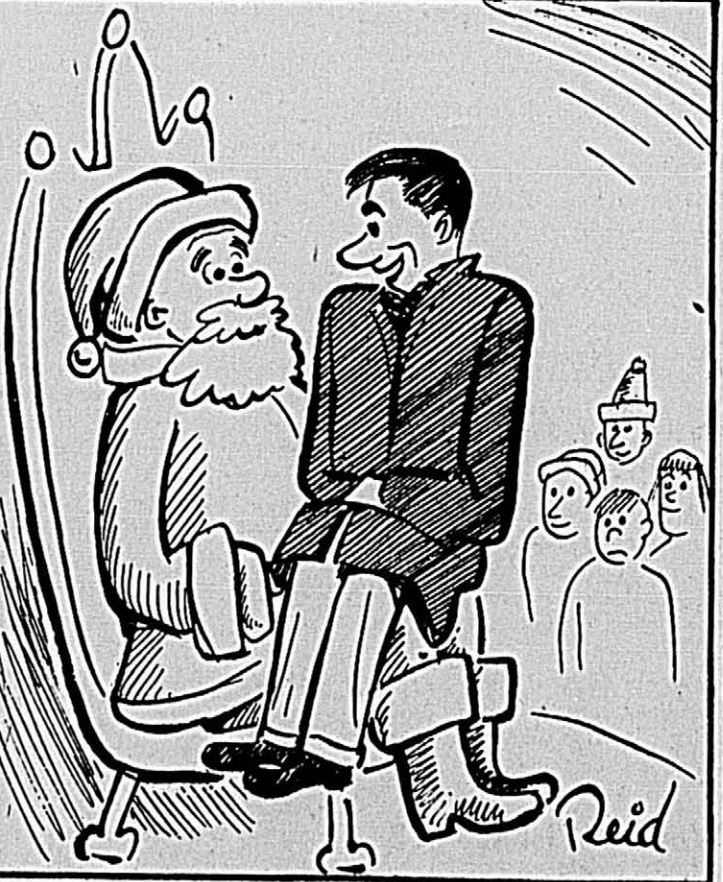
(translated from the Hungarian by Andrew Engel)

Snow laden Christ-Cross in the forest
Moon-lit, large, winter night;
Old memory. On a jingling sled
There I passed by once
On a moon-lit, large, winter night.

My father was then a young, gay man
He looked up on the cross and sang
And I, my father's son
Bored by the carved image,
Sang, when looking on the cross.

Two stubborn Hungarian Calvinists,
Like Time, so we flew by,
Father and Son: one Yes, one No,
At one another's side we singing sat,
And like Time, we flew by.

Twenty years have passed since then, and in thought
My sled flies into the night,
And what I have failed to do then,
I bow my head and lift my hat
And there my sled flies into the night again.



"I want a copy of the physics mid-term"

The Party

by Dave Grier

It almost seemed as the Commies had some respect for Christmas; there had hardly been a shot since five o'clock that evening. Christmas Eve . . . with all its connotations of home, happiness, love—and now they were on the battlefield. Back home there would be lighted trees in the peaceful snow, children throwing snowballs—songs, carols—and a church service.

Major Hampton turned on his heel, snubbed out his cigarette, and went back into the dugout that served as regimental headquarters. His batman had found a small tree, and had set it up in the corner next

to the cases of spare howitzer parts—he had set out some mugs, and somehow, by a minor miracle, had found some wine to put in them. They would have a party, if the lull in the fighting persisted.

"A toast! A toast for Christmas at home next year! If not next—we'll trim the tree in '53!"

The officers raised their battered mugs and drank to the hope of peace in the future—and in some of their eyes was a glimmering that did not come from the cheap wine. Outside, the sergeant stamped his

(Continued on Page 4)

It's a Marshmallow World

by Beverley Horton

It was a strange, ill-assorted group that had gathered there in the woods. High on the branches of a gnarled oak hung a sign with an arrow—"Marshmallow World—10 miles". The little group sighed, and rested, for they were tired of travelling. They were famous, every last one of them, and their names were sung by the common man, their exploits recorded for all to hear. Rudolph the Red-nosed Reindeer pawed the ground, panting with weariness, and Frosty the Snowman, tired of never being allowed to melt, was trying to remove some of the dirt he had picked up on his travels. The Little Boy with the Two Front Teeth Missing was shaking with the cold. (In order to conserve space, the aforementioned will be known henceforth simply as the LB with the TFTM).

They were rather a sorry-looking group, standing there under the trees. They looked almost shopped. Some of the red had rubbed off Rudolph's nose, and let some of the light shine through. Frosty looked positively disreputable. And

as for LB with the TFTM—well, what with having to keep his mouth open most of the time, what could you expect? All of them seemed to be worried about something.

Rudolph, who was evidently the leader of the group (owing, no



doubt, to his illuminating powers), spoke mournfully.

"Friends, do you know what I heard? I've been made into a salt-shaker!"

The others looked up sympathetically. Poor Rudolph, what with

being emblazoned on Children's sweaters, children's toys, and children's candy, had scarcely a shred of self-respect left. In one brief tour (after hours) he had ascertained to his own satisfaction all the rumours that had been circulated about him. He had become the laughing-stock of the animal world. In rubber, plastic, cloth, paper, and metal his likeness stared out at him from every counter. And with what distortions! His princely carriage, his tender eye, and flaming nose had been subjected to the most hideous caricatures. And one night he had read the paper, and to his horror had seen the following advertisement: "Has Christmas fun and frolic got you down? Have you succumbed to the common cold? Friends, don't go around looking like Rudolph the Red-nosed Reindeer. Try our Jiffy Jujubes for coughs, colds, and what ails you!"

The crowning insult! The salt-shaker was almost an anti-climax.

Frosty the Snowman sniffed in silent sorrow over his friend's troubles. So far he had got away rather nicely, but he lived in constant fear of some dreadful apparition of himself appearing in a public place. And he had never told the Nightmares to anyone, not even his good friends Rudolph and the LB with the TFTM. (In that Nightmare (which he dreamed every second night without fail) he saw himself made into a giant cake with white frosting, and devoured at a rapid rate in a place of mystery that he knew only by the name of "Faculty Club." How he came to be there, or what the place was, or who the people were who smacked their lips in anticipation, he knew not. It was a terrifying dream, and every second night he woke, trembling.)

The LB with the TFTM had his problems too. Not only was he forced by avid fans to smile in an imbecile fashion from morning till night, but he got awfully weary of receiving the same presents every Christmas, and never using

(Continued on Page 4)

A Christmas Carol

by E. Budd

Bertholides have vanished in the smoke from which they came. To the copper gold horizons of the land without a name. With the humors and the hansom cabs in that subtle field of shades. Where ideas die and statues live in fungus-filled arcades.

There's a boatman by the river with a cosmic coracle

He's piled for all the centuries for monkey's melancholia. For human apes and angels and man's universe of dreams. He thunders down the waterways, up perpendicular streams.

In the heaven of philosophies, in the worlds of lyric tragedy, The ids and egos argue in the clubs of rainbows literary—Theogonies and anchorites are hiding in the gooseberry bush, Categorical imperatives imbedded in Moroccan plush.

So let us all together sing of Christmases canonical. Of stockings and of brandy balls and reindeers all hysterical. And make the jokes our fathers made like ghosts of crackers bursting. And drink the toasts our fathers drank as Noel goes a-thirsting—But remember there's a hell for the bad wit and the drunkard. So kiss the hand of Reason before turning down the tankard.

Hoodoo McFiggin's Christmas

By Prof. Stephen Leacock
(From The Daily of Dec. 16, 1911)

This Santa Claus business is played out. It's a sneaking under-hand method, and the sooner it's exposed the better.

For a parent to get up under cover of the darkness of night and palm off a ten-cent necktie on a boy who had been expecting a ten-dollar watch, and then say that an angel sent it to him, is low, undeniably low.

I had a good opportunity of observing how the thing worked this Christmas, in the case of young Hoodoo McFiggin, the heir and son of the McFiggin, at whose house I board.

Hoodoo McFiggin, is a good boy—a religious boy. He had been given to understand that Santa Claus would bring nothing to his father and mother because grown-up people don't get presents from the angels. So he saved up all his pocket money and bought a box of cigars for his father and a seventy-five cent diamond brooch for his mother. His own fortunes he left in the hands of the angels. But he prayed. He prayed every night for weeks, that Santa Claus would bring him a pair of skates and a new dog and an air-gun and a Noah's Ark and a drum—all together about a hundred and fifty dollars worth of stuff.

I went into Hoodoo's room quite early Christmas morning. I had an idea that the scene would be interesting. Woke him up and he sat in bed, his eyes whistling with rapt expectation, and began hauling things out of his stocking.

The first parcel was bulky; it was done up quite loosely and had an odd look generally.

"Ha! Ha!" Hoodoo cried gleefully, as he began undoing it. "I'll bet it's the puppy dog all wrapped up in paper!"

And was it the puppy dog? No, by no means. It was a pair of nice strong, Number-four boots, laces and all, labelled, "Hoodoo from Santa Claus". And underneath Santa Claus had written, "Ninety-five net."

The boy's jaw fell with delight. "It's boots," he said, and plunged in his hand again.

He began hauling away at another parcel with renewed hope on his face.

This time the thing seemed like a little round box. Hoodoo tore the paper off it with a feverish hand. He shook it; something rattled inside.

"It's a watch and chain! It's a watch and chain!" he shouted. Then he pulled the lid off.

And was it a watch and chain? No. It was a box of nice brand new celluloid collars: a dozen of them all alike and all his own size.

The boy was so pleased that you could see his face crack up with pleasure.

He waited a few minutes until his intense joy subsided. Then he tried again.

This time the package was long and hard. It resisted the touch and had a sort of funnel shape.

"It's a toy pistol!" said the boy, trembling with excitement. "Gee! I hope there are lots of caps with it."

I'll fire some of now and wake up father."

No, my poor child, you will not wake your father with that. It is a useful thing, but it needs no caps and it fires no bullets, and you cannot wake a sleeping man with a toothbrush. Yet, it was a toothbrush—a regular beauty! pure bone all through, and ticketed with a little paper, "Hoodoo, from Santa Claus."

Again the expression of intense joy passed over the boy's face, and the tears of gratitude started from his eyes. He wiped them away with the toothbrush and passed on.

The next packet was much larger and evidently contained something soft and bulky. It had been too long to go into the stocking and was tied outside.

"I wonder what this is," Hoodoo mused, half-afraid to open it. Then his heart gave a great leap, and he forgot all his other presents in anticipation of this one. "It's the drum!" he gasped. "It's a drum, all wrapped up!"

Drum nothing! It was pants—a pair of the nicest little short pants—yellowish-brown short pants—with dear little stripes of colour running across both ways, and here again Santa Claus had written, "Hoodoo, from Santa Claus, one forty net."

But there was something wrapped up in it. Oh yes! There was a pair of off braces wrapped up in it, braces with little steel sliding thing so that you could slide your pants up to your neck, if you wanted to. The boy gave a dry sob of satisfaction. Then he took out his last present. "It's a book," he said as he unwrapped it. "I wonder if it is fairy tales or adventures. Oh, I hope it is adventures! I'll read it all morning."

No, Hoodoo, it was not precisely adventures. It was a small family Bible. Hoodoo had not seen all his presents, and he arose and dressed. But he still had the fun of playing with his toys. That is always the chief delight of Christmas morning.

First he played with his toothbrush. He got a whole lot of water and brushed all his teeth with it. This was huge.

Then he played with his collars. He had no end of fun with them, taking them all out one by one and swearing at them, and then putting them back and swearing at the whole lot together.

The next toy was his pants. He had immense fun there, putting them on and taking them off again, and then trying to guess which side was which by merely looking at them.

After that he took his book and read some adventures called "Genesis" till breakfast-time.

Then he went downstairs and kissed his father and his mother. His father was smoking a cigar, and his mother had her new brooch on. Hoodoo's face was thoughtful, and a light seemed to have broken in upon his mind. Indeed I think it altogether likely that next Christmas he will hang on to his own money and take chances on what the angels sing.



The Three Wise Men

Mr. Warren's Christmas Gift

by Emily Hick

Mr. Warren eased himself into his comfortable armchair with a sigh of satisfaction. It had been a good dinner—one of the best his daughter had ever prepared—but he had eaten too much, as people frequently do at Christmas dinner. It would be pleasant to sit back and rest for a while.

The children had had another happy Christmas, and were gaily sorting out their new toys in the next room. Mr. Warren could hear them laughing and shouting, and was glad he had closed the door of the sitting room. At his age he felt the need of quiet and solitude occasionally, so that he could rest a little without being disturbed or criticized.

He hoped Janet had not been too busy to enjoy her Christmas. Like her mother before her, Janet worked hard to make the family's Christmas a merry one, and provided the traditional dinner in all its glory. She must be tired after the excitement of the big day.

Little Bobby burst in on his grandfather's reverie.

"Hello, granddad—oh, were you asleep?"

"No, Bobby." The old man smiled as he raised himself on one arm. "Was Santa good to you this year?"

"Was he ever!" The child's eyes shone with delight as he described the wonderful toys he had received. "But the sled was the best. Gee, I've wanted a sled for so long, but Daddy said he couldn't afford it."

"Honey, ah loves yo' bathin' suit."

She: "Sho' nuff?"

He: "Man, it sho' does!"

Social Success

"After this regrettable incident I was unaccountably flooded with invitations to parties and a request to speak at the next Engineers' Smoker—a request which I had to refuse due to a previous engagement to address the W.C.T.U."

"Ah, but here comes Mrs. Wopsle with the kiddies! I shall have to leave you now. Nice to have met you, Jones." He turned to go.

"Professor Wopsle!" I called, "do you have a statement for the Christmas issue of the Daily?"

"Just give the Student Body my best wishes for a very Merry Christmas. I am sure that in the coming mid-terms they will reach the true heights of Obscurity scholarship. Season's Greetings to all!"

Children—p. 3

The Son of God, their Saviour was Jewish. He had been brought up as a Jew, in a Jewish environment. His thoughts and deeds were universal; but they came from a Jewish way of life. If only they could see it. He deviated but... his thoughts dwined. The children were looking at him. They wanted more, some word to set them right.

When one is old it is so difficult, so weary, almost useless. Yet here they were awaiting his wisdom, looking to their elders for understanding.

All he could add was "Christ was a Jew."

STUDENT DIRECTORIES

The McGill Student Directories are now on sale for 35c each. They may be purchased at the Tuck Shop, the Medical Building, the Engineering Building or the Arts Building.

TRIP WEST.

Desire lift to Detroit or some place on way (Hamilton, London, Toronto, Leave Dec. 21 or 22. Willing to share expenses and help with driving. Bob Usher, De. 5151.

So I'm glad Santa brought me one."

"And Daddy won't have to worry about it any more either, will he? Because he wanted you to have a sled like the other boys, you know." Mr. Warren looked earnestly at Bobby who nodded his curly head eagerly.

"Yeah, I'm glad about that, too. And it's a real sled," he went on, "with steel runners like the big fellows have, and I can steer it, too. It's just right."

"Well, Bobby, I guess Santa knew what you wanted."

"Gee, he sure did. I'm going to take it out right now, and see how it works. But Betty wants to come, and she's a girl." Bobby rubbed his shoe over the carpet as he spoke, and frowned a little.

"Maybe she wants to ride on your sled—don't forget, she doesn't have one of her own."

"I know, but she's a girl, and besides, she has a whole bunch of dolls to play with. I went to ride it myself."

Mr. Warren smiled softly as if to himself, and murmured, "Let her try it tomorrow, then. Tell her she can have it tomorrow."

"Gee, I will. And then I can have it all to myself now." Bobby reached up to kiss his grandfather, and hurried out of the room, slamming the door.

The old man trembled slightly at the sound, then settled back into the soft hollows of his chair.

Tomorrow. What would tomorrow bring? Just another day, like

all the others. All the days were the same now, and the next one came before he knew the other one was gone.

He didn't seem to have much time or energy for anything any more. Things had been different since Alice died—she had been good to him. And now Janet was grown up with two youngsters of her own, and didn't need him any more. Time went so fast. It seemed only yesterday that she had climbed on his knee and begged him for a sled for Christmas. And he hadn't been able to give it to her.

She hadn't wanted him to get Boggy the sled, because she knew his pension was small. But she had been glad then he bought it.

He had saved the money for a long time. He hadn't minded not getting a new overcoat—the sled was more important. He could get a new overcoat next year. The years didn't mean so much to him as they did to Bobby. The child wouldn't know that for a long time, but it didn't matter. He had his sled, and that was what really counted....

Mr. Warren was snoring quietly when Janet opened the door. She smiled gently. Dear old Dad. How like him to remember about the sled, and get one for her son.

Or did he remember? He was getting so old. She wondered what he thought about as he dozed in his chair all day.

Janet bent over to kiss his forehead, and he opened his eyes. He smiled up at her with some of his old confidence.

"It was a merry Christmas, wasn't it, my dear, for all of us?" he asked.

ahcuvbm mswabwll ww w

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Seasonable Saying

And I do come home for Christmas, a final prescription, "To be taken as directed." (Charles Dickens).

We all do, or we all should. We all come home, or ought to come home for a short holiday—the longer, the better—from the great boarding-school, where we are forever working at our arithmetical slates, to take, and give rest. (Charles Dickens).

My best wishes for your merry Christmases and your Happy New Years, your long lives and your true prosperities. Worth twenty pounds, good if they are delivered as I send them. Remember! Here's

At Christmas play and make good cheer, For Christmas comes but once a year. (Thomas Tusser)

Our souls are like sparrows Imprisoned in the clay; Bless Him who came to give the wings, Upon a Christmas day. (Elizabeth Ward)

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LET'S FROM BIRKS



little gifts for
Christmas

BIRKS JEWELLERS

The Party—p. 3

feet to keep out the bitter Korean cold—he wished he had been one of the officers, who could take time off to celebrate, even in the midst of war.

The colonel put his mug down and called for attention: "Someone had better go around the lines and check up. Any volunteers?" Hampton stood up and stretched: "I'll go, I could do with a breath of air anyway. I should be back by twelve—so keep some hooch for me." He put on his coat and went out.

Hampton trudged through the snow on his way back to the post—everything was quiet, too quiet, surely the Chinese weren't feeling the spirit of the season, it just wasn't possible.

All of a sudden he stopped—from over the hill came the sound of a lone plane, probably reconnaissance, he thought. The deep throb rose acridly in pitch to a high scream, and a dimshape streaked over his head. It dipped suddenly, there was a flash, then a dull explosion echoed over the hills. Pretty close to HQ, that must have been, the thought, and resumed his lonely walk.

"Funny thing sir," said the sergeant. "One minute they're having a party, a Christmas party, and then the next some Commie comes and drops a bomb—all dead—it don't seem right, somehow."

ART EXHIBIT

Students who had their art work in the "Student Art Exhibit" at the Union which opened Wednesday, Dec. 13, are asked to please call for their work at the NFCUS room in the Union on Friday, December 15, from 2-5 p.m.

Two Tilts on Tab For Inter Squad

Cagers to Meet Ottawa and Carleton; Cunningham to Play

Taking to the road for the first time this season, Manny Schacter's Intermediate cagers travel to Ottawa for two regular Ottawa-St. Lawrence Conference contests against Ottawa University and Carleton College.

Thus far this season, the Braves have won two games and lost two and hope to make their record four wins against a single loss after the pair of weekend games.

In making this trip the Inter will have a new face in the lineup. He is Bruce Cunningham, Bruce, who has up to now toiled for the senior Redmen will make his debut in Brave livery and is expected to give added punch to the team. Standing over six feet tall, Bruce possesses a great deal of drive and is a valuable man under the baskets.

Aside from Cunningham, coach Schacter will stand pat with the

lineup that beat the Loyola Warriors 48-36 in the team's last outing.

In the Ottawans however the little Redmen are meeting two top-notch clubs. Ottawa University has, for the past few years, been a power in Intermediate cage competition and from advance reports is stronger than last year. Boasting status as versatile Marc Rochon and Gaetan 'Gates' Valois the Carabins will be mighty tough.

The Braves too however have a strong team and with such men as Mel Mikalachki, former Montreal High School ace, Jim Shea, Pete Siemers and Lefty Berger they will be hard to beat.

LOST

A black passport type wallet containing many valuable papers in the Arts building last Tuesday morning. Finder please notify Mr. Raether at DE. 1475. Reward.



LAVAL POSTMEN

Gilles Lavigne, Luc Hamelin and Claude Boulet seem to be carrying the mail for Laval's new entry in Senior Intercollegiate circles. They will show here tonight with the Quebecers in a Senior Quebec Intercollegiate game, the second for McGill and Laval. The game will start at 8:15 to

allow the McGill team to catch a train to Boston where they will meet Boston College in an exhibition game. Clan Campbell will be gunning for their first win tonight and the coach has termed them ready to start their long climb for the championship.

Luckless McGillians Face Winless Laval at Forum

Polo Contest For Title With Toronto

The McGill water polo team will play Toronto Varsity tomorrow as part of the Athletics Night program. This is the second of the two game total-point Intercollegiate championship series.

McGill lost the first game which was played in Toronto two weeks ago 9-0, to give the Blues a lead of nine points in the series. This will prove quite a handicap as the game is played under the old FINA rules which prohibit swimming after the whistle.

The team is in excellent spirits. They are just beginning to hit their stride. They have won their last two games and coach Ashton is certain that they will win this one although whether they beat Toronto by nine points is debatable.

WIN RETURN GAMES

The Redmen have an imposing record of winning their return games with the city teams. YMCA dropped the Red and White 13-4 early in the season only to be beaten in the return bout 10-6.

JOHN JONAS.

Red Hockey Team Out To Crash Win Column Tonight

By BOB BORNSTEIN

Misery loves company and two teams, both in a state of misery right now, will be in each other's company tonight at the Forum.

Laval and McGill, both winless, clash and the winner moves out of the cellar in the league standings. Starting time is 8:15 to allow the Redmen to make a train which will carry them to Boston for an exhibition game with Boston College Saturday night.

Laval is the new entry in the loop replacing Queen's, who became tired of getting beaten week after week and gave it up as a bad job.

In its only outing so far, the Quebec City squad took one on the chin from U of M, and therefore the Laval boys and the Redmen have something in common—great respect for Les Carabins.

Leo Bourgault, former NHL performer, is coach of the new entry and has high hopes for his charges in the current campaign. The Laval team plays its home games in the spacious Quebec Coliseum which seats 12,000.

Drouin and Constantin are the Laval goalers; Talbot, Roddy Roy, Bechard, Houle and Dufour, the defencemen; Dubeau, Hamelin, and Belzile, the centres; Claude Roy, Lavigne, and Labrie, right wings; Lagace, Boulet, and Alain, left wings.

Morin and Paradis are substitutes and Marc Lagace is the team captain.

Redmentor Dave Campbell will show a revised line-up before the home folks. Wright will be in goals again, with Robertson and Reynolds one defence duo in front of him, and Appleby and Zemel, the other.

Rube Zemel missed the first game against the Carabins, but played well in Toronto and remains on the blue-line.

Harry Irving centers Kent and Parsons on one forward line; Duke pivots Robillard and Teasdale on another, and Knutson will be flanked by Marchessault and O'Neill on a third attacking unit.

Len Shaw, the good fullback with the Inter Indians and a fine defenceman for the Inter Braves, will make the Boston trip. Campbell rates this fellow highly and

SPORTS MENU

SKIING NOTICE

Those wishing to apply for 'C' class Zone cards must pass a Qualification test if they are applying for one for the first time. The first test will be held at Saint Sauveur des Monts, on Sunday, December 17th. All competitors will report to Mr. Simon M. Yuen at Nymark's Lodge not later than 11:00 a.m. Entries will be accepted there. Entry Fee will be 25 cents. Clubs will be notified of the results of this test by mail.

INTERMEDIATE HOCKEY NOTICE

The team will practice on Monday from 2-3, and Tuesday from 3-4.

TRIP TO LOUISIANA.

Am driving to New Orleans, La., Dec. 21st. Return by Dec. 31st. Can take two.

Roger C. Seyferth, Med. IV, 754 Sherbrooke St. W. Apt. 14.

CASA Swim All-Stars Unite Against McGill

Kenny Mather Meets McGill's Peter Mingie Diving Event Features Dominion Medalists

The combined swimming talent of Quebec will be fashioned into a battering ram on Saturday night, with which to hit McGill. Coach Norm Ashton's Red Mermen will face the C.A.S.A. All-Stars in a dual meet, at the McGill memorial pool as part of the Athletics Night program. Spearheading the Stars will be swimmers from Y.M.H.A., Concordia, Central YMCA and Palestre Nationale.

All eyes are focused on the 100 yard backstroke event where the youthful Central Y backstroke star Kenny Mather, meets McGill's Peter Mingie. Mather was narrowly beaten by Mingie in a recent open meet. The "Y" youngster, he's only 16, having gotten that close to McGill's Olympic star, will go all out on Saturday.

The diving event features two Dominion medalists in P. Fille and Marie of Palestre Nationale. P. Fille was one meter king and Marie, high board winner. Delise of McGill will try his hand at cracking this select company.

The CASA freestylers are tops in abundance. Syd Kastner Y.M.H.A.'s speedy distance ace is headed for 220 and 440 yard.

Freestyle runs, Gordie Young, Central Y's flashy sprinter Boidie of Concordia and Goldberg of Y.M.H.A. will go in the shorter crawl events.

Jan MacDonald, Herald sports-writer will go in the 200 yd. breaststroke event. Teddy Small, the brother of McGill's Pete Small may also enter this event. Both stars swim for the Central Y.

The McGill squad will send Pete Mingie and Graham Rainbow to the sprint wars with high hopes. Both looked good against Amherst.

Backstroking duties are assigned to Adin Merrow and Pete

Mingie. The breaststroke will have Irwin Kopin and Gusta Sperling swimming for McGill.

Pete Issemman may go in either the distance, sprints or both. His 100 yd. clockings against Amherst establish him as near the best McGill has to offer in freestylers. Pete, like a good drink, gets better with time. Coach Ashton hopes the "stuff" is at a zenith for the new year, meets against Howard, Bowdoin, Budgeport, Springfield, and Lasalle.

Pete Small and Charlie Falconer will go the distance events for the Red Mermen. Charlie is a nervous newcomer. Pete is on the way up.

Skating Lessons

Two students are wanted to teach the Ponsard Rink (Snowdon) in plain skating and figure skating at January. Tuesday afternoons, 4-6 p.m. Approx. 30-40 girls. Good remuneration. See Miss Wood c/o RVC today.

SUMMER EMPLOYMENT

Commencing Jan. 2, 1951! Placement Service will register students for summer employment. Registration hours will be from 9 to 4:30, Monday to Friday.



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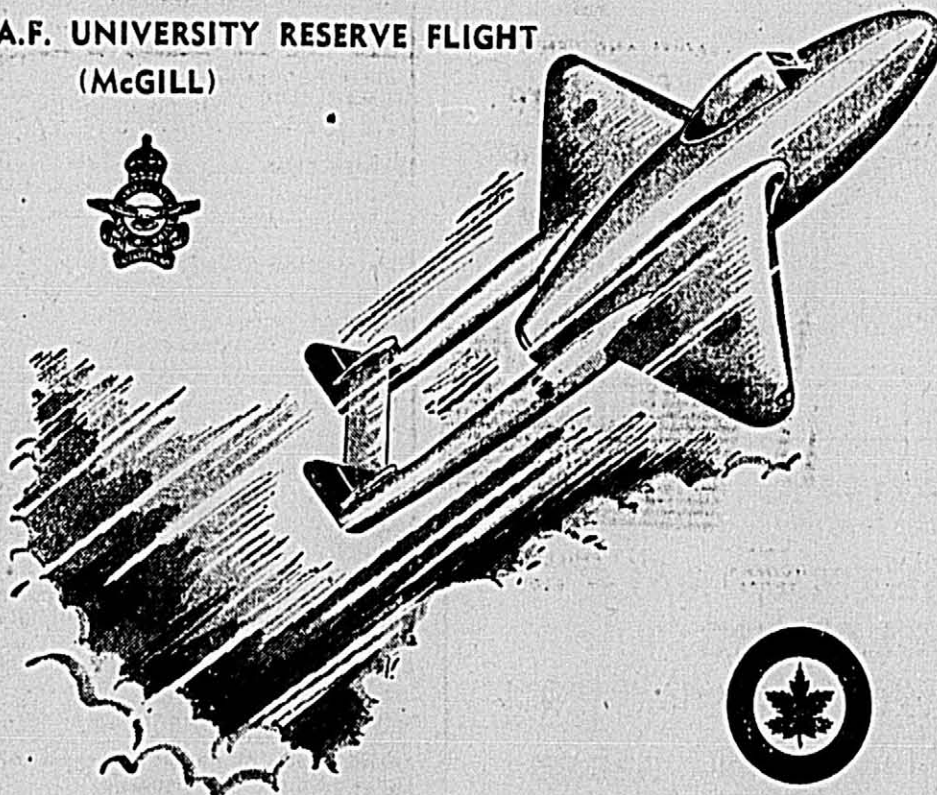
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INTRAMURAL

BOWLING

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16—1:00 P.M.

Eng. 'Coconuts' vs. Dents 4 'A'.
Dents 1 & 2 'D' vs. Paupers.
Eng. 'Carlots' vs. Millionaires.
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Santa to Offer Film Aspirants Opportunities

Santa Claus is offering an opportunity to students to work in the movies! Those interested in directing, acting, photography, lighting, sound or script are urged to attend a meeting on Monday, Dec. 18 at 1 p.m. in the Union Club Room. "Previous experience is not necessary and as many students as possible are required," the executive said.

The movie will be a documentary film on campus life, in technicolor, and will have a sound-track. The cost is estimated to be \$400 although the exact budget has not as yet been determined.

Preliminary work will begin over the holidays and the actual filming will begin in January.

The movie will be shown at McGill in various Grad centres and possibly at local theatres. If the film is a success, a full-length feature may be produced next year.

Dr. E. Fackenheim to Scan Jewish Beliefs

Dr. Emil L. Fackenheim, lecturer in philosophy at the University of Toronto, will be the guest speaker at the closing Hillel Oneg Shabbat Lecture Forum. He will discuss the question "What can a Modern Jew Believe?"

This event is scheduled for Friday evening, Dec. 15, at 8:15 at Hillel House, 3460 Stanley Street.

Born in Halle, Germany, Dr. Fackenheim completed his undergraduate studies in Philosophy, Semitics and Classics in his home town university. This was followed by further study at the University of Aberdeen and at the University of Toronto, where he obtained his doctorate. In 1939 he was ordained a Rabbi in Berlin after completing his studies in Judaic and Rabbinic Education.

Raft Debate Prove Eng. Needed; Talk Tonight

'Philosopher & Clergyman Ready to Meet Maker'

"I'm sorry you others have to go, but the engineer is essential to society." Continuing in this vein, Creighton Vallee successfully defended the position of the engineer against a philosopher, a businessman, a lawyer, a clergyman and a dentist, in the raft debate held yesterday in the ballroom.

Vallee stated that, "if anyone is suited to meet their maker, it is the philosopher and the clergyman." The engineer is essential and always has been. "After all," he said, "we engineers built the raft in the first place, as well as the life-boat!"

Business Acumen
Ed Gray, the businessman, asserted that proves the raft was leaking because it had been made by an engineer. "If you give me the life-belt," he promised, "I will auction it off for a fabulous sum, with my business acumen, and provide your surviving relatives with fancy clothes and finery to cheer them up."

Gerald Burke, arguing for the philosopher, stated that, "through the annals of time, in every field of endeavour, the philosophers have been the leaders; without them there would probably have been no civilization."

George McClintock, of Theology, agreed that society is in dire straits today, but maintained that the clergyman is best suited to imbue society with the ideals it lacks. "The very fact that we are calmly discussing the situation, and not fighting for possession of the life-belt, is itself a forceful argument for the salvation of the clergyman, if I could accept. However, my calling will force me to decline the offer I am sure you will make."

The audience, who were called upon to judge the debate, awarded the life-belt (and the decision) to the engineer. Mike Wilson was the chairman.

LOST
Glasses in green case in B. W. and F. Room of Currie Gym Tuesday night. Finder please call Connie Buttinger UN. 0217. Reward.

COMING EVENTS

December 15

CHORAL SOCIETY—Practice before the concert this evening. Time: 5 p.m. Place: Currie Gym.

CHORAL SOCIETY—Assembly for concert which is to begin at 8:30 sharp. Dress: Girls—white dresses and red blazers. Men—Grey flannels and navy blazers. Dance after concert. All students invited. Time: 7:45 p.m. Place: B.W.F. Room, the Gym.

HILLEL—Oneg Shabbat Lecture Forum. Guest speaker—Dr. Emil Fackenheim. Subject—"What can a modern Jew believe?" Time: 8:15 p.m. Place: Hillel House.

C.C.F. CLUB—Dave Corbett, Faculty of Commerce, will speak on "Forms of Public Ownership". Time: 1 p.m. Place: The Salon, Third floor.

HUNGARIAN CLUB—Election of officers and an outline of proposed activity will take place. Time: 1 p.m. Place: Union Board Room.

CHRISTOPHER MOVEMENT FILM—"You Can Change the World", starring Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Loretta Young and other stars. Admission: free. Time: 1 p.m. Place: Room 250, Biology Building.

ARENA WING WORKSHOP (Players' Club)—Three one-act plays will be presented. Admission free. Time: 8 p.m. Place: Union Club Room.

December 16

CHINESE STUDENTS' SOCIETY—Gala Turkey Roll. All Chinese students urged to attend. Cordial invitation to all Nesei. Time: 2 p.m. Place: 891 St. Catherine St. West.

RED & WHITE REVUE—Dance Rehearsal. Girls: 1 p.m. Boys: 3 p.m. Place: Union.

December 17

RED & WHITE REVUE—Dancing Rehearsal. Time: 1 p.m. Place: Union, For Boys and Girls.

INTERCOLLEGIATE ZIONIST FEDERATION OF AMERICA (IZFA)—Mr. Wiseman, M.A. will speak on "Sociological Problems of Kibbutz Galit". Programme will conclude with folk dancing and group singing. Time: 8 p.m. Place: Hillel Foundation.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP—Carol Service. Speaker Dr. C. P. Martin, Chairman, Dept. of Anatomy. Refreshments. Time: 9 p.m. Place: Reading Room, Union.

December 18

FRANKLIN SOCIETY—Monthly meeting. Speaker: Prof. Brian Bird, Dept. of Geography. Topic: Southampton Island, N.W.T., 1950. Refreshments. Time: 8 p.m. Place: Arctic Institute, 3485 University Street.

GERMAN CLUB—Christmas Party. Bring 25c present. Time: 8 p.m. Place: 44 Aberdeen Avenue.

SPANISH CLUB—Last meeting of the year. Guest speaker Dr. S. Hernandez, Consul General of El Salvador. Dancing. Refreshments. Time: 8 p.m. Place: Union.

FILM MAKING GROUP—Opportunity for anyone interested in participating in making a film at McGill this year. This film will be in technicolour on 16mm film with sound. A large staff will be needed in this undertaking. It is emphasized that anyone may work on the film whether experienced or not. Time: 1-2 p.m. Place: Clubroom.

December 19

PHI EPSILON ALPHA SOCIETY—Guest Speaker: Dr. C. Martin, Dept. of Anatomy. Topic: "Evolution of a Moral Sense". Members are reminded to sign catering list on E.U.S. Notice Board. Time: 7:30 p.m. Place: Union.

DELTA PHI EPSILON SORORITY—Campus Carnival. Proceeds for McGill Bursary. Admission 25c. Time: 7:30 p.m. Place: Union Ballroom.

COSMO CLUB—Christmas Party. Stag or Drag. Bring Wrapped gift (maximum 25c). Admission 35c for members and 45c for non-members. Time: 8 p.m. Place: Union Lounge.

MUSIC CLUB—All Mozart programme. All are welcome. Time: 8 p.m. Place: 3450 Drummond Street.

NEWMAN CLUB—Christmas Party. Carol singing. Refreshments. Admission 50c. Time: 8:30 p.m. Place: Newman House.

December 20

B.W.I. SOCIETY—Annual Xmas Party. Society members 50c. Non-members 75c. Refreshments served. Time: 8 p.m. Place: Union Ballroom.

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tonight
8:30, currie gym
admission: 75 cents

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LOST
Three keys on a chain with a dice. Lost on Shuter Street between R.V.C. and the Currie Gym on Thursday. Finder please leave them at R.V.C. or call UN. 0158 and ask for Polly.

THE CHURCH OF ST. ANDREW & ST. PAUL
Sherbrooke and Redpath Street
Minister:
The Reverend R. J. Berlis, B.A., B.D.
COMMUNION SUNDAY
11.00 a.m. "THE MASTER'S RIGHT TO SPEAK."
11.00 a.m. Church School.
7.30 p.m. "START WHERE YOU ARE."
8.30 p.m. Sunday Evening Club—Annual Carol Festival.
Organist and Choirmaster: Kenneth Meek, B.Mus., L.Mus.
McGill students cordially welcomed

LUTHERAN
CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER
Clarke Ave. at Western, Westmount
Rev. J. F. Neudoerffer, B.A.
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11 A.M. — The Service
A most cordial welcome is extended to all students

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH—Unitarian
Corner of Sherbrooke and Simpson near Guy
Sunday Morning at 11
"UNITARIANS AND THE HOLY GHOST"
MINISTER — REV. ANGUS CAMERON
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CHRISTMAS CAROLS
sung by the gallery choir
THE DUCHENES RECORDER QUARTET
guest artists

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Merry
Christmas

McGill Daily

Happy
New Year

Vol. XL., No. 53

Montreal, Friday, December 15, 1950

PRICE TWO CENTS

Choral Society Will Inaugurate Holidays

Relief Offered To Fatigued Students

By LOUIS EDDY

Today is the last issue of the student newspaper for the term; tonight at 8:30 nearly 400 McGill songsters, in what is now close to tradition, will mark the beginning of the Christmas season at the University. Essays are being written and exams are being studied for, but bus and airplane reservations are being made and tickets bought. Fraternities and some residences are preparing parties and Santa Claus visits; Montreal service groups are preparing something for those unable to go home. What does it all add up to? The arrival of the Yuletide festival at a University community.

The last minute rush to finish assignments, catch up on notes for lectures missed, and to digest some of Redpath's inexhaustible source of catalogued volumes for coming exams before going home to rejoin the family circle are part of it as much as the festivities. It is a time to look forward to the pleasant as well as the painful. There are skiing trips, turkey dinners, meeting old friends, going to parties, skating, Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve, and an innumerable number of potential exciting and relaxing events to bring release from the normal routine of lectures, meals, sleep, weekends—no sleep, lectures, meals, sleep ad infinitum.

HAPPY PARENTS

To some students, going home means a three day train trip to the West; to others it means returning to the ever—ever land to the south and others will take the long and sometimes tiresome trip to the Maritimes. But to all students going home it resolves into anxious mothers and proud fathers extending greetings that at this time of the year always take on a warmer more familiar air than at any other time.

COLD FACTS

Cold hard facts—those inescapable things that must be faced are there too: "Dec. 20, 1950, Wednesday. Last day for lectures in all Faculties and schools." "Jan. 4, 1951, Thursday. Lectures resumed in Medicine, Dentistry, Graduate Studies, Music, Social Work and the School for Teachers. Second Term begins in Law. First term examinations begin in Arts, Science, Commerce, Engineering, Architecture, Physical Education, The School for Graduate Nurses, Divinity and Physiotherapy." "Jan. 11, 1951, Thursday. Second term begins for Arts, Science, Engineering" etc.

On a cold hard and matter-of-fact basis the former is the story of the Christmas season at McGill as given in the calendar. What a wonderful thing it is that this matter-of-fact thing is really not the fact of the matter.

REVUE

Attention aspiring young actors! The Revue is still looking for the right man to play the male lead. There is an urgent call out for a good male singer, musical comedy type, preferably a baritone. If you are interested, please drop down to the Revue Office in the Union. You may find yourself with the lead role in the production. There will be two dance rehearsals over the week-end. The time is 1 p.m. Saturday and Sunday in the Union Ballroom. Boys need not come till 3 p.m. on Saturday. Sunday, everyone at 1 p.m. There is still room for one or two people for small parts in the show. Anyone interested, please turn up.

— B. S.

Mid-terms to Start at 9 a.m.

Mid-term examinations will begin at 9 a.m., NOT 10 a.m. as has been the procedure in the past few years, and will run until 12 noon, Dean H. N. Fieldhouse of Arts & Science announced today. In the afternoon they will be held between 2 p.m. and 5 p.m. The exams began at 9 a.m. before Dawson College was opened and the change was made to benefit commuting students.

Story of First Christmas; Popular Carols to Highlight Program

The McGill Choral Society's sixth annual "Sing at Christmas" concert will take place this evening at 8:30 in the Sir Arthur Currie Gym.

Tickets for the concert are available at Lindsay's and the International Music Store, and on the campus at the Arts Building, the Engineering Building, the Medical Building and the Union. They will also be sold at the door tonight. Tickets are priced at 75c each.

ASSISTING ARTISTS

The society will have Miss Doris Killam as accompanist. Miss Killam has been very active in Montreal music circles, assisting the Montreal Elgar Choir as well as doing radio work.

The part of the narrator for the program this year is being taken by Mr. Sam Vatcher. He performed this in last year's program.

Mr. Clifford Mitchell, who has acted as conductor for the past six years, will be the conductor tonight. During the war he was active in leading choral work in the forces. At present he is Music Supervisor for the Westmount School Commission, and both organist and choir director of Calvary Church, Westmount.

PROGRAM

The first part of the program tells the story of the first Christmas in Bethlehem. The opening piece is "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" from the Church Cantata No. 147 by Bach. Other carols and traditional Christmas songs which will appear in the first half of the program include "Good Christian men, Rejoice," "Roun' de Glory Manger," an example of Negro folk music; "Susanna," a 14th century carol; "Glory to God in the Highest" from Handel's Messiah, and "Lullay, Thou little tiny Child," which is commonly known as the Coventry Carol.

The second part of the program deals with the spirit of Christmas Day, and the group will sing the cantata "Christmas at Grandma's" which has been adapted from the Fred Waring arrangement of "Grandma's Thanksgiving" by Child and Siceone, "White Christmas" and "Twelve Days of Christmas."

Immediately following the concert a dance will be held in the B.W. and F. Room of the gymnasium. All students attending the concert have been invited by the executive to stay to the dance.

Christmas Varies

Foreign Countries Have Strange Christmas Customs—Poll Shows

By STAN TAVISS

How do you celebrate Christmas? Every country has its own customs and many of these are strange and wonderful. This fact was uncovered by a poll The Daily conducted yesterday among students of several foreign countries.

MEXICO

Elohim Raman came here last year from Mexico, which is predominantly Roman Catholic. Homes are decorated with flowers and a few weeks before Christmas a miniature altar representing the Nativity is erected in each house in preparation for the Posadas. This ceremony, which commemorates the journey of Mary and Joseph from Nazareth to Bethlehem starts nine days before Christmas. Every night the devout gather outside a different home and plead in Spanish for admittance.

BRAZIL

In Brazil which is still further south, Christmas is almost a summer festival, with flowers, fireworks, picnics, boating excursions and fiestas.

Renato Girolami, formerly of Italy, was surprised when he first came here to find that Christmas is an occasion for joyous celebration. In Italy it is a sacred holiday, highlighted by solemn church ceremonies. Most of the town attends an elaborate Midnight Mass. One feature we would find strange is the use of a miniature representation of the Nativity, called a Presepio, as a symbol instead of the evergreen tree Canadians are used to. The children are not given presents on Christmas but on the Feast of Epiphany twelve days later. Their Santa Claus is a female saint called Belana.

EUROPE

In France and Scotland the holiday centres around the New Year, not Christmas, culminating in the Epiphany or Feast of Kings. In Belgium and the Netherlands there are two festivals—a children's celebration on December 6 and a religious gathering on December 25. In the Scandinavian Countries the cattle are fed special grains to commemorate their presence in the receive Jultkapp, which are small but precious gifts.

At Last!

Physical Science Centre to Open For Students Early in January

"The Physical Science Centre is being rushed to completion and several parts of the building will be ready for use by early January," stated Mr. R. G. Defries of the Department of Building and Grounds. Construction on all five floors is being speeded up in order to make available to the students various sections of the building as soon as possible.

The Centre will contain libraries, lecture rooms and laboratories for the use of the students of physics, chemistry and metallurgy.

The building is now completely enclosed. Windows are in place and the stone work on the front has been finished. Plastering and work on the floors is being rushed to completion. "Two class rooms on the ground floor and a number of offices on the second floor should be available for use early in January, however, there is still much work to be done on the lecture hall, which has a seating capacity of 350," said Dr. Defries. The one-time bookstore is now well on the way to becoming a Metallurgy Lab. The front entrance will be between the physics and chemistry buildings. An appropriate mural will be erected in the foyer. Practically all the rooms are to have linoleum floors and the corridors will be covered in terrazo. Modern color schemes will be used in all the rooms with pastel shades predominating and there will be a large amount of window space. Fluorescent lighting will be used throughout the building and it is being flush-mounted in the ceilings of most rooms and corridors. Tiled washrooms will be on each floor and the corridors have insets in the walls which will be used as display cases. In the basement there is a common room and locker room as well as the steam heating equipment.



Principal's Greetings

'Christmas Is Re-dedication'

A Happy Christmas to you all. The spirit of Christmas Past, who began the conversion of old Scrooge, might have travelled much further than he did. Thousands of years ago, when men and women assembled round the Yule Log that burned upon the family hearth to celebrate the mid-winter festival, there was merriment and deep rejoicing in the rebirth of the dying Sun. All things were made new in that feast of family happiness and re-dedication to ideals of human brotherhood which had sometimes been forgotten in the hurly-burly of the year's activity.

To this, the most ancient of all our traditions, Christianity has added a new and richer meaning. There still rings in our ears, evoking a special response at this moment in the world's history, the message of the angel choirs "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."

You are the inheritors of that tradition, and I should like to express to each one of you personally my warm good wishes for a Very Happy Christmas. Whether you spend the day at home with your family, or among your friends, I hope that you may find all the hours delightful. I hope, too, that you may be privileged to contribute to the happiness of others around you. Dickens was profoundly wise when he revealed to us the fact that the reformed Scrooge found his greatest happiness on Christmas morning in sending the biggest of all turkeys to Bob Cratchit.

Once again then, A Happy Christmas to you. I hope, too, that each of you may find in the New Year which lies ahead of us the realization of some of your dreams and the imagination to formulate still richer dreams for the years that are still to come. "God bless us, every one."

— F. Cyril James

Graduates Note

Improved Job Outlook Reported By Placement Service Director

Good news for members of this year's graduating class came yesterday from director of the Placement Service.

In his annual report, Colin McDougall, the director, said the job outlook for the 1951 class was at least as good and perhaps better than in recent years.

Presented to the Annual Meeting of the McGill Placement Board in the Faculty Club yesterday, Mr. McDougall's report said:

"Early in the winter of 1950 the outlook for the graduating class appeared uncertain, and considerable difficulty in placing the huge number of graduating Engineers was

anticipated. By the end of the summer a shortage of candidates existed in many fields. The demand by employers, initially at least, was not as great as in previous years. This was evidenced by the fact that only 45 recruiting visits took place, as compared to 51 last year. From present indications, however, it appears that opportunities for the 1951 class will be as good or better than in previous years."

"Employers, as usual, had few jobs to offer women graduates, although many women graduates defer their job search until the fall, and a number are placed at that time."

World News Report

UN Creates Cease Fire Committee

Over opposition by the Soviet Block the United Nations Assembly yesterday approved an Asian-Arab resolution to set up a Cease Fire Committee. Among those named to the committee were Canada's L. B. Pearson, Assembly president Nasrallah Entezami of Iran, and Sir Benegal N. Rau of India. In explaining his stand against the motion Malik of the Soviet Union characterized the cease fire as a move to gain a breathing spell for the United States forces.

On the Korean front a force of 100,000 Chinese Reds imperilled the United Nations Beachhead in

North Korea. A security blackout restricted other information on the withdrawals that are reported to be taking place in that area. On the western Korean front only patrol action was reported, while in the air a growing number of Russian built jets indicated the beginning of an all-out air war.

In Britain preparations are being made to send delegates to the North Atlantic Powers Conference in Brussels next week, and determination to speed the rearmament of Central Europe have been expressed. Meanwhile, in Parliament, Winston Churchill warned the Western World against the argument that "we must never use the atomic bomb until and unless it is used against us first." On the other side of the Atlantic the eve of President Truman's report to the country on the world crisis brought rumors of a 4,000-000 man armed force for the United States by June, 1952, and the appointment of a famous industry leader to mobilize the home front.

Dr. James Endicott to Address Labour Club

Dr. James Endicott, head of the Canadian "peace" movement who has recently returned from the World Peace Congress in Warsaw, will speak to the Student Labour Club in the Union Ballroom at 5 p.m. today. Dina Nussgart, S.I.C. president, announced yesterday.

Aquatics Introduced At Athletics Night

McGill Cagers To Tackle Uconns

Fresh from their stunning upset win over the YMHA Blues, the senior cagers face their toughest opposition thus far this year when they take on the University of Connecticut Huskies in one of the feature events of tomorrow evening's Athletics Night.

With game time slated for eight p.m. in the main gym, the Redmen will be facing one of the best American teams ever to come this way. Boasting of a strong candidate for All-American honors in '62" forward Vince 'Yogi' Yokabaskas, the Yanks have no less than nine of their twelve men measuring six feet or more and seven returning lettermen from the team that won 17 of 25 games last season.

TEAM RECORD

During the course of this same season Yokabaskas piled up a total of 417 points for a new team record. This impressive mark averages out to 16.6 points per game. On the basis of his performances to date, he is expected to shatter this mark this season.

Not expected to be awed by this imposing record the Redmen are expected to give the highly touted invaders a stiff battle.

SAME LINE-UP

Hesitating to break up a winning combination, Coach Moe Abramowitz has decided, except for one change, to stand pat on the lineup that came through in such fine fashion. This change will see Smiley Wilson return to the lineup. He will replace Bruce Cunningham.

The only question mark as far as the lineup is concerned is Sol Tolchinsky. Tolchinsky, who suffered a recurrence of a knee injury in the game against St. Lawrence last Friday and missed both the Clarkson and YMHA contests will see a doctor today about his knee. This visit will decide whether Sol will play tomorrow.

Former Medical Staff Member Is Honored

London, Ont. (C.U.P.)—Another honor has been bestowed upon J. B. Collip, Dean of Medicine at Western University, and formerly on the McGill medical staff.

Two days ago it was announced in New York that he and Dr. Charles Herbert Best (who worked with the late Sir Frederick Banting in the discovery of insulin) had been made honorary members of the New York Academy of Sciences. It is one of the oldest scientific organizations in the United States.

Program Includes Basketball, Boxing, Wrestling, Squash

By IRWIN GUTTMAN

A full evening of entertainment featuring events in McGill's new swimming pool is promised one and all when Athletics Night 1 gets underway at 8 p.m. in the Sir Arthur Currie Gym. Tomorrow night's festivities mark the first of two such nights planned for the 1950-51 season.

Under the chairmanship of Pete Robinson, the night really does of-

fer "An event for every Temperament. There will be swimming and water polo in the new Memorial Swimming Pool, Squash, Boxing, Wrestling and Basketball. In addition, Coach Vic Obeck of the Football Redmen, will show movies on the highlights of the past football season and will add his own commentary in what should prove a worthwhile event.

BASKETBALL

The Basketball attraction should thrill all sport fans. The Uconns, from the University of Connecticut, rated as one of the best American College teams seen in Montreal, will take on our own Redmen, fresh after an important win over the Y.M.H.A., last year's Canadian Dominion Championship winners. Coach Moe Abramowitz's boys will be at full strength for the encounter which will probably be the sternest opposition they will receive all year. This means that such fellows as Shel Merling, Dave Caldwell, Sol Tolchinsky, Ben Tissenbaum, Don Finlayson and all will line up for the opening whistle.

This Athletics Night will be the first one in McGill's history that will offer aquatic events as attractions. The swimmers will meet the C.A.S.A. All-Stars and the Water Polo team will vie for intercollegiate honours when they take on the Toronto Varsity Water Polo team. Due to increased number of practices the Waterpolists have been having, the McGill squad is in fine fettle and playing the best ball of the season. Onesti, Walters, Dickstein and company will be trying hard to avenge the defeat they took at the hands of Varsity two weeks ago.

GRUNT AND GROAN

Alan Turnbull's wrestlers will show against Champlain's Blue-Jays. Newcomer Neil MacKenzie will wrestle in the Heavy Weight division and Bob McLeod will start in the lightweight division. Bert Light's boxers are riding to go. Dick Gareau, the Regina flash, Arnie Kovacks, the only McGill Intercollegiate Champion last year and Bob McAllister are some of the McGill stalwarts.

The evening's entertainment will close with a dance in the main gym. The music will be supplied by the newly formed McGill concert band and the ever popular Westernaires.

Prof. Corbett Initiates C.C.F. Lecture Series

Professor D. C. Corbett will be the first speaker in a new series of lectures sponsored by the C.C.F. Club. The first lecture will be held today at 1 p.m. in the Union Salon.

Professor Corbett was born in Montreal, and after attending school here completed his studies at the University of Toronto. He is a member of the faculty of Commerce and was the speaker in last month's model parliament.

Next month, professors Watkins and Mallory of Political Science will speak on themes in political theory. "These lectures are aimed to educate all those students on the campus who are interested in political questions," the executive stated.

Seniors to Complete Personal Record Forms

All fourth year men students are asked to complete a Personal Record before the Christmas holidays.

The form of this purpose was developed by the McGill Placement Service in an effort to secure a maximum of information concerning each student. It will be used as an aid in placing graduates. It will also be useful to the various Faculties of the University when they consider applications for admission to Professional or Graduate schools. While the information provided by any student will only be made available with his consent, it is highly desirable that all students should complete the form. This requires about an hour.

ARRANGEMENTS

Arrangements have been made to have the Personal Record completed as follows:

Thursday, Dec. 14th:
2:00 p.m.—Room 200 Chancellor Day Hall (3544 Peel street.)
4:00 p.m.—Room 200 Chancellor Day Hall (3544 Peel street.)
4:00 p.m.—Room 300 Chancellor Day Hall (3544 Peel street.)
Friday, Dec. 15th:
11:00 a.m.—Moyse Hall, Arts Bldg.

Wherever a fourth year student can attend at any of these times and places, without missing lectures, he is asked to do so. One or two alternative hours are being arranged for next week for students who are not free at any of the hours given here.

H. N. Fieldhouse, Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Science.

Xmas Mood To Invade Daily Party

The Daily's annual Christmas Party will get underway in the Union Lounge at nine o'clock on Monday night, the Press Club has announced. The event which is the 'party of the year' for Daily staffers is slated to include skits, songs, and the unloading of the Christmas tree by Santa Claus himself if possible.

Gwen Howard, Press Club treasurer, in charge of decorations for the event has promised a scheme in keeping with the Christmas spirit and a tree. Staff members are expected to each bring a small gift for another staffer costing not more than twenty-five cents.

Ivan Aron, who has in the past produced some of the Daily's outstanding entertainments will be in charge of the special events on the programme.

\$50,000 Given To McGill Says Principle James

More than \$50,000 in gifts, grants and bequests to McGill University were acknowledged yesterday by Dr. F. Cyril James. Included in the gifts are fellowships, scholarships, and gifts for student aid.

Among gifts for fellowships and scholarships are annual donations to maintain the Isaac Bruck Memorial Scholarships in Commerce and Haematology, \$1,000; annual donation for a fellowship in Industrial and Cellulose Chemistry, \$1,000; McGill Alumnae Society—donation for bursaries, \$600.

Included in the gifts for general and special purposes are donations to the Hugh McLennan Travelling Libraries Fund—for special equipment, \$5,000; Grant for research in the Department of Paediatrics, \$1,000; Annual grant for research in the Department of Biochemistry, \$2,500; Donations for building alterations at Chancellor Day Hall, \$25,961.58.

Gifts for specific research aid include a grant for research in the Department of Experimental Surgery by Dr. S. B. Ullman; \$2,200.

Radio Series Casting

Casting for the Radio Workshop and Drama Series, part of the Little Theatre series on CJAD, will take place at 1 p.m. in the Union on December 20. All those interested, boys and girls are invited to come down and try out for any part that they are interested in. Selections will be chosen for talent and ability.

McGill Daily

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"The Oldest College Daily Newspaper in Canada"

Published every week-day during the college year by the Undergraduates of McGill University at 680 Sherbrooke St. West. Telephone: LAnraster 2244 (Authorized as second class mail Post Office of Canada)

Opinions expressed below are those of the Managing Board of The McGill Daily and not the official opinions of the Students' Society

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A Fleeting Glimpse of Peace

It is hard to write something for the Christmas season which will not be merely a conventional thing. Yet even to express goodwill because it is the thing to do is not such a bad idea. It is better to have goodwill at Christmas time than not at all. We all feel better when we catch something of the mood of generosity and forgiveness and friendliness. It is a fleeting glimpse of peace.

But then we wonder: why must it be only a fleeting glimpse? This moment of goodwill is itself a good thing; why must it be only a moment? If instead of forgetting the world's troubles and our own for the holidays, we approach them in the spirit of Christmas it might make a difference. For goodwill is a constructive force, even in this kind of world. The Christmas season gives us a glimpse of a better kind of life and a better kind of world. If we forget the message of peace and

worse for everyone. The message of Christmas is either fantasy or it is the supreme truth—that goodwill is the road to peace because God made the world that way. goodwill for the rest of the year, so much the

Letters to The Editor

A Thought I Think

Dear Ed:
Twas yesterday a thought I think,
Which proves all other thoughts are bunk,
Now we're here I'm sure had ought
To think the thought I thought,
But when again I think my thought,
There weren't no words with which to caught
The thought, I think, I think I thought.
JOHN SLATER

Students' Forum

The "X" in "Xmas"

By ROLLAND La PRAIRIE

Who is the culprit responsible for this unholy adulteration? What was his motive in introducing the "X"? Was it the questionable need for abbreviation? If so, why so unorthodox?

Has it ever occurred to you how this "modernized" and "popular" version of the word CHRISTMAS typifies what has become of that great and ancient feast? This feast commemorates a most glorious and noble event in the annals of mankind, the birth of the infant CHRIST. Have we "modern christians" unwittingly fallen prey to a CHRISTMAS spirit that has become anything but what it should be... what it once was? Have we forgotten the profound meaning of the first CHRISTMAS night in Bethlehem?... and become more concerned with gifts and plumb pudding? Have we substituted "X" for CHRIST?

This 20th century that we have inherited, if it can produce anything, should produce a strong quest in our hearts for a cornerstone, a basis, on which to build our hopes and desires for peace. Not a peace that is merely a truce between two armies with guns cocked, but a true peace, first within the individual, then within the family, and the nations.

In the scientific tradition of our age we usually represent that which we are looking for, the answer, by an "X." This symbol serves a useful purpose until we laboriously arrive at the true answer... but, when we were given the answer one thousand nine hundred and fifty years ago, it is somewhat ridiculous to replace the true answer by an "X."

The bright star in the eastern sky bore a good omen to the shepherds and wise men who observed it on that first CHRISTMAS night. It signalled the birth of CHRIST, our Saviour. If you have any intellectual appreciation of the condition the world is in, you will put aside any difference and sophistication, you will get down on your knees and in all humility, ask CHRIST on His birthday to guide us in the days ahead. You too, can find the good omen, but you have to look up and above this busy world that surrounds us.

Christmas in America

Roast Turkey and Oyster Dressing

The adventurers who planted the town on the banks of the Ohio River were certain it would be a seat of great farms, a port for the burgeoning West, and a center of riches and influence. They gave its streets such proud names as Washington and Maryland and they called the village America. In the 1820s it grew fast. Then shifting sands moved the river channel and its commerce away, and a terrible epidemic swept the town. By 1835 its brave dream was dying; in the century after that, America, Ill. almost vanished.

Last week, as it prepared to celebrate Christmas, America was not much more than a scattering of house along a mile of muddy road—the original river town had long since disappeared and its traces had been erased by plowing. America's farms were small; its citizens tilled a hundred, or thirty, or even five acres of soybeans, cotton or berries in a land where a thousand acres is the measure of a man of substance. But as the sleek sweet acres the farther fields, America was busy, contented, and full of hope.

"The Coming of the King". The general store, narrow, yellow building which had been the railway station in the days when trains still stopped at America, was in the center of America's Christmas rush. In a financial sense it wasn't much of a store—its owner, Walter Schnaare, had long since given up trying to make a living out of it and had gotten a job up the river at Cairo (rhymes with faro). But it was, nevertheless, a great institution in America—a club and a forum, and a source for almost anything America's housewives had forgotten to pick up in the city stores. Mrs. Schnaare was glad to keep it open a few hours every day just as a community service.

Its ancient, arched glass showcases and shelves provided hominy grits, black-eyed peas, meats, light bulbs, soft drinks, laundry soap, fruit-jar caps, boxes of W. E. Garrett & Sons Sweet Mild Snuff, Ramon's Pink Pills, leaf twist tobacco, spools of J. & J. Coats thread and a hundred other items. As America's citizens gossiped around the four-foot, coal-fired iron stove, the talk was full of Christmas doings.

Like most rural towns, America would eat well—homemade fruit cakes, mashed potatoes and gravy, roast turkey with oyster dressing. There would be presents under every Christmas tree. And in the American Christian Church, Mrs. Bertha Hayden held rehearsals all week long for the pageant of "The Coming of the King."

"The Shepherd of Israel." This year, because the Rev. Ben H. Cleaver is only able to serve on alternate Sundays, the farm folk of the congregation went to Christmas services a week early.

The bare little church, with its severe varnished interior, its 17 pews, was jammed, as always, with Americans and their children in their Sunday best. The tall, 68-year-old pastor took his text from Matthew 21: "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the King, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem. . . ." The minister laid down his Testament, and began his sermon:

"The Prophet Micah in the Old Testament called Bethlehem small compared with other towns; but it had a notable history, even before his prophecy that from it would come 'The Shepherd of Israel' . . . The wise men of Matthew's account may have been reluctant to leave the capital city, Jerusalem, at the direction of the scribes, and journey eight miles further to this modest village. But though they left Herod and his palace behind them, they went on and found indeed the genuine Prince of the House of David . . ."

"The great things of truth and life cannot be measured by walls and towers, square miles and boulevards, throngs of men and women or thunderous salutes from artillery. Not the place, or the grandeur, but the honest, open heart of those who will receive Him, can mark the birth and the rule of this redeeming Savior, God's gift to the world."

As the families of America headed home after the closing hymn, they looked like the people of many another congregation across the land—people with steady faith in themselves and the world in which God had placed them. (Time: December 1949)

Book Review

Arthur Currie: A Study

Reviewed by
Principal G. G. D. Kilpatrick, D.S.O., D.D.

Arthur Currie by H. M. Urquhart; J. M. Dent & Sons, Price: \$5.00

It is greatly to be regretted that the publication of this biography of Sir Arthur Currie has been so long delayed that many of the very men who knew him best, and loved him most, have passed away. No blame is to be attached to Colonel Urquhart for this delay.

"Sandy" Urquhart, as he was known to his friends, was himself one of the great Canadian soldiers of the First World War. Wounded almost to death in the Amiens show, he never regained his health. It is a token of Colonel Urquhart's courage that for years during which he was never well, he continued to labor at this work, pausing only to answer the call of his beloved regiment in the Second World War. The book shows the defects of a prolonged and broken authorship. Once the immense amount of relevant material had been sifted and organized, the work should have been written at white heat while the author's mind was stirred by the greatness of his subject; but Colonel Urquhart was physically unable to do this, and had, for protracted periods, to lay aside his task and then return to it, blowing upon the cold ashes he had left to recover the glow and warmth of the fire. He never quite succeeded; the result is a book uneven in quality and inspiration. Nevertheless all Canada is debtor to the brave gentleman who, despite infirmities and frustrations, gave us this vivid account of the Corps and its Commander. There may yet be greater biographies of Sir Arthur to be written, but none will come from the pen of a more gallant figure or a truer friend.

Early Years

The first section of the book is devoted to an account of Sir Arthur's early years. It is a picture of a quite undistinguished Canadian youngster. There is really nothing in this period of Sir Arthur's life which suggests the greatness he was yet to show. On the contrary, this section closes with the picture of a man who lost his head in a real estate boom, and as Colonel Urquhart says, "threw reason to the winds, invested his all in real estate, and advised clients and friends to do likewise." The result when the boom broke was disaster. How to reconcile that picture with that of the man who, literally overnight, became a military leader, who throughout his subsequent career displayed a soundness of judgment, a capacity to weigh all factors in any situation, and a cautious commonsense far beyond that of others. Is beyond the reader to understand. Colonel Urquhart's presentation of the facts is not to be questioned, but the mystery remains of the sudden transformation of a businessman who failed, into a soldier who magnificently succeeded.

The second section of the book is quite the best. It deals with Sir Arthur's military career. As a condensed history of the formation and achievements of the Canadian Corps, it is masterly. Colonel Urquhart has here shown a penetrating discrimination and a praiseworthy self-discipline, in confining himself to the significant and decisive events of four years of incessant

battle. Only once does the soldier in him overcome the biographer when in Chapter Eight he gives a detailed account of the critical battle at Ypres in April 1915. It was a chaotic struggle and only a military man can appreciate the account of an action so fluid as to defy accurate reporting.

In modern warfare nobody involved in action sees a battle, but only his own hot corner of it. It is therefore, to the ordinary reader, gain that Colonel Urquhart does not try to describe in detail any of the subsequent actions in which the Corps won its reputation and Sir Arthur a mounting fame. In the account of these years we see the battalion commander gaining in experience, authority, and power, until the supreme moment when the former businessman became the Corps Commander of one of the greatest fighting forces on the Western Front. It is a magnificent record achieved solely by proven merit, and by the unanswerable right of such character and power as made Sir Arthur the ONE man for the responsibility and honour of leading the Canadian Corps.

His rise was increasingly marked by three characteristics of true leadership. First, his capacity to choose the right men for his staff, and to delegate to them authority. Only in an emergency did he intervene in the policy or decisions of his commanders. If, however, through their own fault they failed, his judgment was swift. Second, his keen decisive judgment of a situation or a plan of action. Sir Arthur was deliberate in reaching a conclusion, but once made, it stood. He had the courage of his convictions imperturbably he faced criticism, and only a direct order from the higher command availed to alter his decisions. Third, was his capacity to win and hold the confidence and honor of his officers. Colonel Urquhart acknowledges frankly that Sir Arthur had not a likeability to win the men in the ranks. To them he appeared aloof, cold and impersonal commander. Whether by ignorance of their psychology, or a complete inability to put his life alongside of theirs, the fact remains that he was by no means the idol of his troops. It was altogether different with his officers, and in particular those who stood closest to him. That was demonstrated in overwhelming fashion at the famous, or rather infamous, trial at Cobourg. What that trial cost Sir Arthur none can say, but through it there came to him an amazing proof of the place he held in the honor and love of those who served with him.

Leadership at McGill

The third section of the book is devoted to an account of Sir Arthur's Principalship of McGill. To University men this is probably the least successful phase of the biography. It was a daring thing for McGill to choose as its Principal a man without academic background or scholastic attainment. But Sir Arthur did not fail the trust imposed in him. To unfamiliar tasks he brought to bear the same qualities of leadership which made him

the great Commander. During his regime McGill passed through critical days but emerged more secure in reputation, better equipped in buildings, better staffed in men. Due credit must be given to the Principal who in years of declining strength gave himself unreservedly to the interest of the University and in the doing of it, as always, grappled to him in honour and friendship, those with whom he worked.

One feature of the biography is to be regretted, namely the prominence given to the unhappy story of the enmities, jealousies, and intrigues so apt to gather about a man thrust into fame. Of these Sir Arthur had more than his share. They shortened his life and added immeasurably to his burdens. The only justification for the emphasis given to these sordid things is the fact that in meeting them, Sir Arthur evinced a greatness of spirit which refused to permit his personal suffering to interfere with his duty to the Corps, or affect his leadership of it. At the last he had his vindication in the Courts, but at the cost of his life.

After Cobourg he was never the same. His courage was undiminished, but the drain on his physical strength was more than his wearied body could sustain. So the shadows close on the life of a man who gave himself for his country and in the doing of it won a name that will live in Canadian history. At the dinner given to Sir Arthur by his officers after the Cobourg trial, the writer of this review closed his address on that occasion with these words:

"Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?"

It is the generous spirit whose high Endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before it always bright

Who comprehends his trust and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim

Who if an unexpected call succeed
Come when it will is equal to the need.

'Tis finally the man who lifted high
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye
Plays in the many games of life
That one
Where what he most doth value
Must be won.

This is the happy warrior, this is he
That every man in arms should wish to be."

That was Sir Arthur Currie, soldier, great citizen, great gentleman.

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McGill University
3520 University St.
MORNING CHAPEL
9:40 to 9:55 a.m.
Tues., Dec. 12—
Rev. H. L. Hortsler.
Wed., Dec. 13—
Very Rev. Dean Evans.
Thurs., Dec. 14—
Principal Kilpatrick.
Fri., Dec. 15—
Dr. Robert George.
CAROL SERVICE
Fri., Dec. 15, at 1:20 p.m.
Christmas Carols by combined chorus of the Student Christian Movement and the Canterbury Club.
Sun., Dec. 17—11 a.m.
Rev. E. Clifford Knowles
All members of the University are invited to attend

Arena Performs One-Act Plays

Two Chekov Plays and "Death Comes To My Friends," by Carl Doolman were presented by Arena Wing last night. While Chekov's capacity to present individuals in psychological underwear was admirably realized, the tragic irony of "Death Comes To My Friends" was not fully explored.

The Proposal: Miss Elinor Halsted was delightfully cast in the role of the practical small-landholder's daughter. George Dorance, as the palpitating ruler, seemed a little ill at ease on the stage, but this was covered to a large extent by the part he played. Barrie McLean, as the girl's father, stalked the stage with a pert abruptness which was very effective.

Death Comes To My Friends. The

M	C	G	I	L	L	E	T	H	I	C	S
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F	M	L	R	B	G	A	M	E	R		
P	P	T	B	R	A	I	N	I	S		
H	U	R	C	A	N	O	S	S	T		
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O	C	N	E	R	T	R					
W	N	E	L								

Puzzled, H-m-m?

central idea of "Death Comes to My Friends," i.e. the gods kill for their sport except the one to whom life is a burden, is a contrivance which might have been compensated for if the actors had fully projected themselves into their respective roles of concern or want of it. Prince Aleci was more the martyr of his impersonator, Neil Gillman, than of fate. Miss Taylor has somewhat overdone the cast of the blase Lady Lenster. Betty Yelland, Aleci's love, played with a warm tenderness.

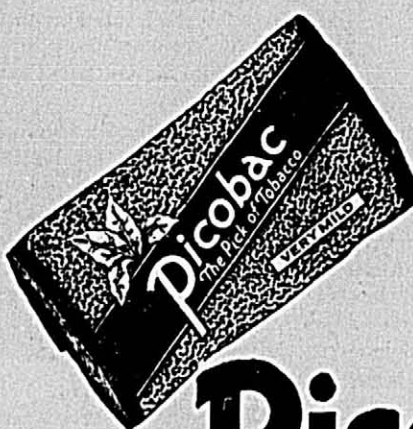
The Bear Chekov's satire deals with the rights and affectations of women. The 'bear,' played by Dimitrius Codounis, has ruthlessly, and brilliantly unmasked the foibles of the weaker sex will. A savage irony of tone inflection and full projection into his role, Codounis completely captivated the audience and marked himself as the best actor of the evening. The coy, self-indulgent widow, (Margherita Valguarnera) also played well, although her part was easier than that of Codounis, the impersonated qualities being universally feminine.

In conclusion we cannot fail to congratulate Jim Kirk, Elohim Ramon and Mr. Loukidis again. We feel that their hard work has kept up the standard of production and direction that was so noticeable in "Ghosts" last year. This smoothness was particularly in evidence in the second play where timing played an important part.

A. E. and J. R.



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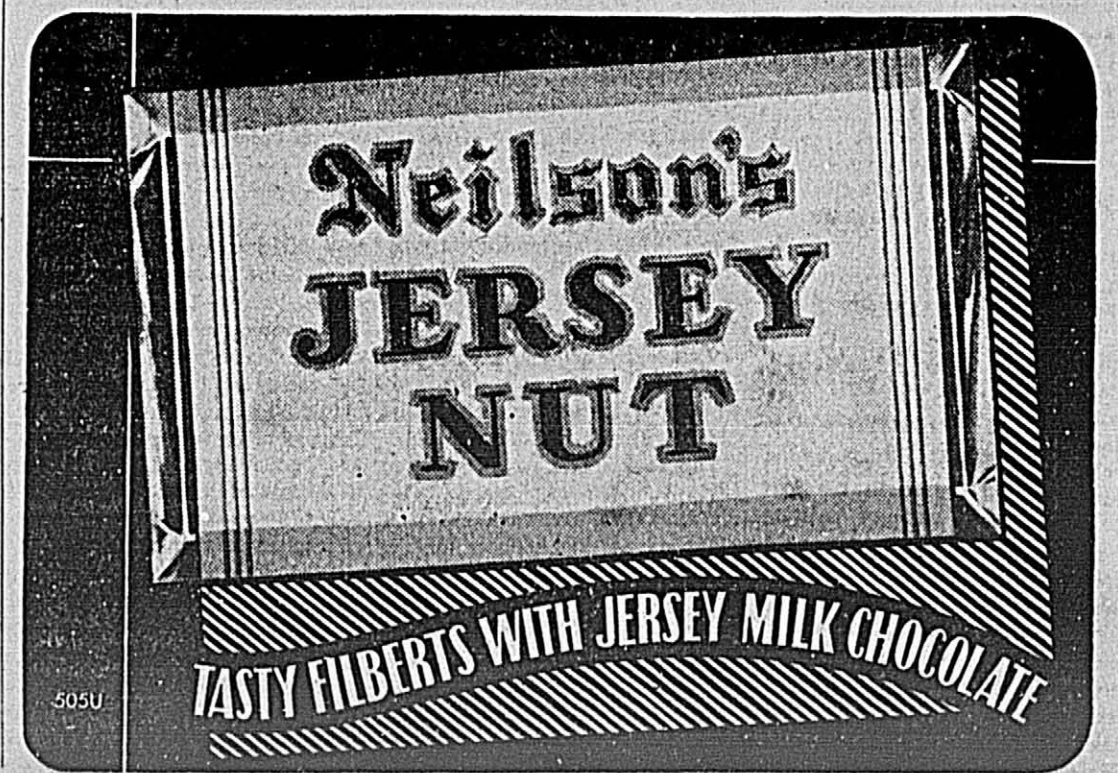
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'GOD BLESS US EVERY ONE'

Bunny for Billy

by Jim Ross

Many broken puffs of whiteness were falling and flecking the cold window panes. Through widening rifts of unconsciousness the melting snow flakes on wet glass cut the sleep of the sleeping boy. Billy with quickening heart beat shook off night and sprang from his bed into the dawn. Far below on the mottled pavements of sand and cement, a magic brush dabbed white on brown faster and faster until the ashen sky seemed to be drifting like a great sponge onto the world. And a child in bare feet on a cold floor, thrilled to the message of the snow. It was Christmas Day.

"Merry Christmas, Billy," drifted up to him from downstairs. The voice of his mother was brisk and cheerful. "I've got your stocking. Come and see what Santa Claus has given you. Your sister's already got hers."

Billy grabbed his dressing gown and breathless, arrived in his mother's room. His mother kissed him. He saw she was dressed differently and he remembered her cautions of a week ago as she elaborately picked the gaudy patterns, one by one. His father kissed him also and prepared to enjoy himself calmly with a bowl of the best Virginian. Clara, his sister, was throttling her stocking around the knee, caressing through the cotton the nameless nearness beneath.

"Now hurry up children," said their mother. "We have to be in church by ten o'clock." The children responded and raced through their stockings. Plunging arms and twitching fingers crumpled tissue, but the deeper they plunged, the further into the dark withdrew the elusive spirit until he finally melted with decorum into the toe. Mountains of candy loaded the beds and also oranges, ties, and clever knickknacks. Clara put her arms slowly around the finished product and pulled the pile to her thin little chest. The parents smiled, one nervously, one benignly over the Santa Claus confectionery store.

"Now children," Mother said. "Leave your stuff here until after breakfast and then we'll go and see what is under the tree." The children gave their parents a panted smile and walked out slowly together. Clara sinking her hand shyly into Billy's.

At breakfast Mrs. Saunders outlined the day's activities harrassedly to her husband. There were presents to be opened and she hoped the tree lights would work. She'd had to have the electrician up a few days ago to fix them. And then he hung around, obviously expecting a Christmas present. She hoped the church wasn't crowded. They never save the regular pews long enough. Also the children got restless if the service were too

long. Oh Heavens, there was also the family luncheon and your firm's cocktail party in the afternoon and then Aunt Matilda's light supper which always included an extremely rich brandy pudding and it was so bad for the children, especially after all the day's excitement and then...

Billy stood in the doorway of the darkened living room. A switch was pulled. In a thousand corners the many hued lights well. A stark giant of northern forests, a lone piece of the savage pattern of everlasting green, a chosen symbol of an ancient birth, was being mottled in a modern salon. From copper ashtrays, the burnished sheen of big red balls scowled back. The lace and light of silver tinsel webbed the curtains behind.

The presents were opened, one by one. A new shiny sled for Billy, a china tea set for Clara, a pencil for Billy, a perfectly beautiful doll house for Clara, a wooden... Afterwards the parents opened their own presents and Mrs. Saunders said, "A wonderful Christmas for us all, wasn't it children?"

The family was walking to church. The day was mild and the freshly fallen snow had the freshness of crocuses in Spring. From the snow and sky, the old trees breathed once more the brightness stride, the feet of mortals printed and bloom of youth. In measured darkly the manna of eternity.

The Saunders met another family on their way to church. Mr. and Mrs. Wright were wheeling in a perambulator a tiny daughter, clutching a little pink bunny with green eyes and a tenderly pouting mouth. She chattered softly to the furry animal lying against her.

"Lovely weather isn't it, Mrs. Wright?" "You know Bill, that old guy I was telling you about in the bank, well he sent me, of all

The Russmas

by Milton Winston

Ivan?
Jah.
What are you doing?
I was thinking.
Bourgeois!
Ivan?
Jah.
You know what day it is?
Lenin's birthday?
No.
Stalin's?
No.
End of the Five Year Plan?
No.
Don't bother me.
Ivan?
Jah.
It think it's Russmas.
Pass the Borsch.
Ivan?
(slurp).
Ivan?
Jah.
Did you hang your stocking up?
No.
Why?
I'm wearing them.
Ivan?
Jah.
Will Santa Stalin come down the chimney this year?
Jah.
Will he leave the same thing as last Russmas?
Jah.
But I'm tired of reading the Manifesto.
Capitalist!
Ivan, are we going to have a Stalin this year?
Jah.
Father Stalin is good to us.
Ivan?
Jah.
Did we invent plum pudding yet?
Jah.
We're going to have a good Russmas this year.
Thank Father Stalin.
Well merry Marx!
Merry Marx!

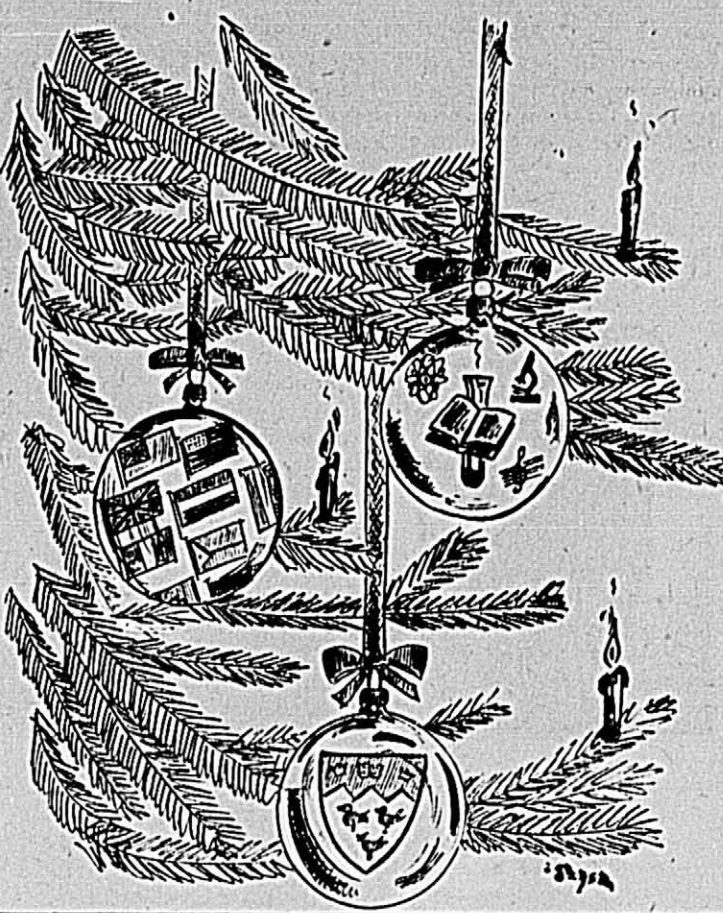
(Kings, a bottle of imported Scotch"... Matilda says... The infant in the pram let out a squeal of anguish then lapsed into a punctuated hysterical sobbing. Both couples turned. In horror they saw Billy grinding with his rubber heel the little pink bunny into the snow. One round green glass eye rolled leisurely for a moment on the pavement then trickled to a stop. And from the boy's eyes a stream of blinding tears coursed down his cheeks.

Some of us have planned to spend our vacation in New York. Others have planned to spend a few days in the Laurentian winter wonderland, in order to make the neighbouring mountains once again a McGill outpost. Some of us are going home to spend Christmas with our families. Perhaps there may even be some who intend to spend their vacation in Europe. But on one thing we are all resolved! That this Christmas must be spent in the most interesting manner possible.

The New Year is arriving. And with it goes the many New Year's resolutions that one makes, and yet finds impossible to keep. And for a moment we begin to wonder what the year 1951 holds for us. We begin to wonder whether this will at least be the year of true "peace and goodwill for all men."

And in thinking of the future we are reminded of the past, of the wars and bloody battles that have ensued through time. But we do not lose hope. We continue to believe that each new year will bring more and more brightness to the world. Each year brings with it a new faith in mankind.

Yes, the Christmas has arrived and the New Year follows. Once again we say farewell to one trying year and welcome another. The holidays are here; Christmas with its solemn joy, New Year with its worldly gaiety.



Holiday Spirit

by Amon Kahn

It is Christmas. And once more we are exhausted by the last burst of activities that are sweeping the campus. Students are taking part more than ever in the final round of events for the year 1950 at McGill. Dances see a large number of students present, basketball games have more than capacity crowds, and clubs are drawing many students to their closing yearly meetings. There is a final rush to indulge once more in the social discourse which has become such an integral part of the daily life at the Union. But then silence assumes its reign over the McGill campus. The staff and students rest from lectures and meetings, the crystals of snow remain undisturbed by the treading of students, and the buildings echo in their emptiness.

The final rush to get all courses up to date is over. Subjects that have remained incomplete till now will have to remain so until after Christmas. The Holiday spirit has overpowered all students. It is Christmas, and a time for joy and merriment. All cares are forgotten. The New Year is arriving. Our difficult Latin translations, our psychological theories, our quest for knowledge is temporarily cast aside with the approach of the holidays.

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"I want a copy of the physics mid-term"

The Party

by Dave Grier

It almost seemed as the Commies had some respect for Christmas; there had hardly been a shot since five o'clock that evening. Christmas Eve... with all its connotations of home, happiness, love—and now they were on the battlefield. Back home there would be lighted trees in the peaceful snow, children throwing snowballs—songs, carols—and a church service.

Major Hampton turned on his heel, snubbed out his cigarette, and went back into the dugout that served as regimental headquarters. His batman had found a small tree, and had set it up in the corner next

to the cases of spare howitzer parts—he had set out some mugs, and somehow, by a minor miracle, had found some wine to put in them. They would have a party. If the lull in the fighting persisted.

"A toast! A toast for Christmas at home next year! If not next—we'll trim the tree in '53!" The officers raised their battered mugs and drank to the hope of peace in the future—and in some of their eyes was a glistering that did not come from the cheap wine. Outside, the sergeant stamped his

Where & When

by Dinny Stern

This year as another Christmas eve rolls around, we prepare to hang up our well-darned stockings, and decorate our trees in anticipation of the yuletide season. These traditions date back almost as far as our historians can relate.

In ancient times, many peoples of vastly different temperaments celebrated their most elaborate and extravagant festivals during the month of December. The Mediterranean countries observed the feast of Saturnalia on December 22. These feasts were spectacular orgies signaling the birthday of the new sun which was at this time returning once more toward the earth. In Scandinavia, England, and Northern Germany there was a December festival honoring the "god of golden sunshine." These pagans were the scene of dancing, singing, ad rejoicing, and were known as the time of Jule; hence our word, Yuletide.

Many varied traditions have grown out of these early pagan rites. The practice of giving gifts to one's friends and relatives originated amongst the Romans during the feast of the Saturnalia.

Floral Decorating

The custom of decorating trees grew up in Germany where fir trees were adorned with flowers, fruit, or brightly coloured ornaments. In England, the custom was introduced in the nineteenth century by Albert, Prince Consort, who brought it from Germany. The Germans were not the only race to partake in this habit. The use of flowering trees dates back to the Feast of the Tabernacles of the Jews, the laurel of the Romans, and several Northern European customs. The Saxons used holly and ivy in many of their religious ceremonies.

The tradition of the Yule log is probably a variation on the characteristic bonfire of the sun festivals by which people of old marked the stages of progress in the earth's course around the sun. And so these many traditions have spread throughout the world, bringing with them joy and cheer and goodwill to all men.

They were rather a sorry-looking group, standing there under the trees. They looked almost shopped. Some of the red had rubbed off Rudolph's nose, and let some of the light shine through. Frosty looked positively disreputable. And

Children of God

by Milton Winston

It the gang was chasing Larry. Five against one and he was being encircled. The two Poles from across the track, the French kid, the rich snobbish one and the English fellow with the strange accent.

"Dirty Jew, Larry is a Jew-boy," the chant became a childish sing-song. Larry stopped, his fist clenched, tears streaming down his eyes. If only he could take them on one at a time. Two at a time even. He'd show them what he could do.

They formed a circle about him. They knew he was cornered and were waiting for the final crash. He would fall on the ground and plead while they beat him up. Not too hard; but enough to show their superiority.

The rich one with the impeccable dress came too far within Larry's orbit. Larry lunged and pushed him to the ground. He smacked him in the pit of the stomach and ran. He could hear the startled wheelp of anguish and he had only to deal with four more.

They were more cautious. They picked up some stones and followed him. Larry was crying and looked around for help. The grown-ups only laughed.

"Dirty Jew, sneaky lousy Jew," they were still behind him.

Father Donn stepped from under the gothic arch of the church. He saw that it was a pleasant day and was exceedingly pleased. It was going to be a snowless Christmas; but then again you can't have everything. The people were rushing to prepare for Christmas day. The trees, the little lights, the presents were so comforting in the unreliable world. Everything appeared to be in a state of chaos, except for the feeling of this holy day. He smiled and forgot that the years had left their mark on him. A thin crop of white hair, a slight aging stoop and a thin taut unsteady smile.

"Dirty Jew, sneaky lousy Jew," broke through his thoughts. The conflict was here again. The world would not let him go. He saw a tiny body racing through the streets. Behind he watched four others trying to capture it. It annoyed him to see the holy spirit violated. Was there still prejudice? He felt his age and wanted to escape into the church. He knew that he was only retreating. Forming a hard shell and then forgetting. It was too much for one man to do. There were Bible study groups and sermons and... but he knew that very few attended or listened. They were interested in dynamic deeds. The Crusades, the deeds against the infidels, missionaries being burned alive. They were irrational. He wiped his forehead and looked into

way. He looked at the oppressors and beckoned them forward. They approached and he went into the church. He tried to explain the basic concepts of man, the necessity of human understanding. Their faces were blank. They resembled the earth; their blankness was universal. He sighed.

All he could add was "Christ was a Jew."

He saw it all. How simple it was. (Continued on Page 4)

Wopsle Wishes

'Merry Christmas Stoodents'

by Edmund Reid

Found Professor Wopsle in the Department of Eaton's displaying the merits of a Log Cabin instruction set with an Architecture student named Terry Reid. "Hello sir!" I exclaimed. "I expect to see you here?" "How do you do, young man," replied cordially. "If you wrap this set I will take it with me. One of my stoodents was kind enough to come down and advise me on the purchase, and he assured me that the set is structurally sound. How much did you say it was?"



"I'm sorry, sir," I explained apologetically. "I am not the clerk, but just a McGill student from your course on Applied Obscurity. Remember?"

"A stoodent! Excuse me—Jones, is it?" "No sir—Reid."

"Of course, of course. The name slipped my mind just for a moment; all this Christmas hustle and bustle is very confusing, you know. I'm picking out a few things for the kiddies while Mrs. Wopsle takes them for a ride on the Toytown train."

Tick! Tick! Are you expecting any unusual gift this Christmas, Professor?" He smiled genially. "Well—a rather peculiar parcel has arrived which has me somewhat puzzled. On the outside is a tag reading only 'From a Stoodent'. I have shaken the package in an attempt to obtain a clue as to its contents, but all I can hear is a steady muffled 'tick! tick!' sound."

"Probably an alarm clock," I suggested.

Exams Unfair? The conversation then shifted to plans for the holidays. "Don't you think it unfair," I asked, "that students should have to spend a great deal of the Christmas Holidays studying for mid-term exams?"

The Architecture student, who had remained silent until now.

"Skiing up north? By all means! A day of exercise in the open air, and then a cosy evening curled up beside a fire with a good textbook

on Obscurity—what more could you ask for?" I had heard of other possibilities, but this hardly seemed the time to mention them.

A Rolling Stone "Do you ski, Professor?" I inquired. "Do I ski, the stoodent asks! Indeed, I excelled in the sport until two years ago, when an unfortunate accident occurred."

"An accident?" "Yes, I was coming down Mont Tremblant on a day when the trail was covered with a new snowfall. The conditions were bad because the snow was remarkably sticky. Unfortunately I lost my balance, fell, and began rolling down hill. "Fore," I cried loudly. Women screamed, strong men fainted, and children ran for shelter. You see, the snow stuck to me in ever-increasing quantities so that I soon took on the appearance of a giant

(Continued on Page 4)

A Winter Night

by Endre Ady

(translated from the Hungarian by Andrew Engel)

Snow laden Christ-Cross in the forest
Moon-lit, large, winter night;
Old memory. On a jingling sled
There I passed by once
On a moon-lit, large, winter night.

My father was then a young, gay man
He looked up on the cross and sang
And I, my father's son
Bored by the carved image,
Sang, when looking on the cross.

Two stubborn Hungarian Calvinists,
Like Time, so we flew by,
Father and Son: one Yes, one No,
At one another's side we singing sat,
And like Time, we flew by.

Twenty years have passed since then, and in thought
My sled flies into the night,
And what I have failed to do
I bow my head and lift my hat
And there my sled flies into the night again.

It's a Marshmallow World

by Beverley Horton

It was a strange, ill-assorted group that had gathered there in the woods. High on the branches of a gnarled oak hung a sign with an arrow—"Marshmallow World—10 miles". The little group sighed, and rested, for they were tired of travelling. They were famous, every last one of them, and their names were sung by the common man, their exploits recorded for all to hear. Rudolph the Red-nosed Reindeer pawed the ground, panting with weariness, and Frosty the Snowman, tired of never being allowed to melt, was trying to remove some of the dirt he had picked up on his travels. The Little Boy with the Two Front Teeth Missing was shaking with the cold. (In order to conserve space, the aforementioned will be known henceforth simply as the LB with the TFTM).

They were rather a sorry-looking group, standing there under the trees. They looked almost shopped. Some of the red had rubbed off Rudolph's nose, and let some of the light shine through. Frosty looked positively disreputable. And

doubt, to his illuminating powers), spoke mournfully. "Friends, do you know what I heard? I've been made into a salt-shaker!"

The others looked up sympathetically. Poor Rudolph, what with

as for LB with the TFTM—well, what with having to keep his mouth open most of the time, what could you expect? All of them seemed to be worried about something.

Rudolph, who was evidently the leader of the group (owing, no being emblazoned on Children's sweaters, children's toys, and children's candy, had scarcely a shred of self-respect left. In one brief tour (after hours) he had ascertained to his own satisfaction all the rumours that had been circulated about him. He had become the laughing-stock of the animal world. In rubber, plastic, cloth, paper, and metal his likeness stared out at him from every counter. And with what distortions! His princely carriage, his tender eye, and flaming nose had been subjected to the most hideous caricatures. And one night he had read the paper, and to his horror had seen the following advertisement: "Has Christmas fun and frolic got you down? Have you succumbed to the common cold? Friends, don't go around looking like Rudolph the Red-nosed Reindeer. Try our Jiffy Jubbles for coughs, colds, and what ails you!" The crowning insult! The salt-shaker was almost an anti-climax.

Frosty the Snowman sniffed in silent sorrow over his friend's troubles. So far he had got away rather niftily, but he lived in constant fear of some dreadful apparition of himself appearing in a public place. And he had never told the Nightmares to anyone, not even his good friends Rudolph and the LB with the TFTM. (In that Nightmare (which he dreamed every second night without fail) he saw himself made into a giant cake with white frosting, and devoured at a rapid rate in a place of mystery that he knew only by the name of "Faculty Club." How he came to be there, or what the place was, or who the people were who smacked their lips in anticipation, he knew not. It was a terrifying dream, and every second night he woke, trembling.

The LB with the TFTM had his problems too. Not only was he forced by avid fans to smile in an imbecile fashion from morning till night, but he got awfully weary of receiving the same presents every Christmas, and never using

(Continued on Page 4)

A Christmas Carol

by E. Budd

Bertholides have vanished in the smoke from which they came. To the copper gold horizons of the land without a name. With the humors and the hansom cabs in that subtle field of shades. Where ideas die and statues live in fungus-filled arcades.

There's a boatman by the river with a cosmic coracle

He's plied for all the centuries for monkey's melancholical. For human apex and angels and man's universe of dreams. He thunders down the waterways, up perpendicular streams.

In the heaven of philosophies, in the worlds of lyric tragedy, The ids and egos argue in the clubs of rainbows literary—Theogenies and anchorites are hiding in the gooseberry bush, Categorical imperatives imbedded in Moroccan plush.

So let us all together sing of Christmases canonical. Of stockings and of brandy balls and reindeers all hysterical. And make the jokes our fathers made like ghosts of crackers bursting. And drink the toasts our fathers drank as Noel goes athirsting—But remember there's a hell for the bad wit and the drunkard, So kiss the hand of Reason before turning down the tankard.

Hoodoo McFiggin's Christmas

By Prof. Stephen Leacock
(From The Daily of Dec. 16, 1911)

This Santa Claus business is played out. It's a sneaking under-hand method, and the sooner it's exposed the better.

For a parent to get up under cover of the darkness of night and palm off a ten-cent necktie on a boy who had been expecting a ten-dollar watch, and then say that an angel sent it to him, is low, undeniably low.

I had a good opportunity of observing how the thing worked this Christmas, in the case of young Hoodoo McFiggin, the heir and son of the McFiggin, at whose house I board.

Hoodoo McFiggin, is a good boy—a religious boy. He had been given to understand that Santa Claus would bring nothing to his father and mother because grown-up people don't get presents from the angels. So he saved up all his pocket money and bought a box of cigars for his father and a seventy-five cent diamond brooch for his mother. His own fortunes he left in the hands of the angels. But he prayed. He prayed every night for weeks, that Santa Claus would bring him a pair of skates and a new dog and an air-gun and a Noah's Ark and a drum—all together about a hundred and fifty dollars worth of stuff.

I went into Hoodoo's room quite early Christmas morning. I had an ink that the scene would be interesting. Woke him up and he sat in bed, his eyes whistling with rapt expectation, and began hauling things out of his stocking.

The first parcel was bulky; it was done up quite loosely and had an odd look generally.

"Hal! Hal!" Hoodoo cried gleefully, as he began undoing it, "I'll bet it's the puppy dog all wrapped up in paper!"

And was it the puppy dog? No, by no means. It was a pair of nice strong, Number-four boots, laces and all, labelled, "Hoodoo from Santa Claus". And underneath Santa Claus had written, "Ninety-five net".

The boy's jaw fell with delight. "It's boots," he said, and plunged in his hand again.

He began hauling away at another parcel with renewed hope on his face.

This time the thing seemed like a little round box. Hoodoo tore the paper off it with a feverish hand. He shook it; something rattled inside.

"It's a watch and chain! It's a watch and chain!" he shouted. Then he pulled the lid off.

And was it a watch and chain? No. It was a box of nice brand new celluloid collars, a dozen of them all alike and all his own size.

The boy was so pleased that you could see his face crack up with pleasure.

He waited a few minutes until his intense joy subsided. Then he tried again.

This time the package was long and hard. It resisted the touch and had a sort of funnel shape.

"It's a toy pistol!" said the boy, trembling with excitement. "Gee! I hope there are lots of caps with it."

But there was something wrapped up in it. Oh yes! There was a pair of brasses wrapped up in it, braces with little steel sliding thing so that you could slide your pants up to your neck, if you wanted to.

The boy gave a dry sob of satisfaction. Then he took out his last present. "It's a book," he said as he unwrapped it. "I wonder if it is fairy tales or adventures. Oh, I hope it is adventures! I'll read it all morning."

No, Hoodoo, it was not precisely adventures. It was a small family Bible. Hoodoo had not seen all his presents, and he arose and dressed. But he still had the fun of playing with his toys. That is always the chief delight of Christmas morning.

First he played with his toothbrush. He got a whole lot of water and brushed all his teeth with it. This was huge.

Then he played with his collars. He had no end of fun with them, taking them all out one by one and swearing at them, and then putting them back and swearing at the whole lot together.

The next toy was his pants. He had immense fun there, putting them on and taking them off again, and then trying to guess which side was which by merely looking at them.

After that he took his book and read some adventures called "Genesis" till breakfast-time.

Then he went downstairs and kissed his father and his mother. His father was smoking a cigar, and his mother had her new brooch on. Hoodoo's face was thoughtful, and a light seemed to have broken in upon his mind. Indeed I think it altogether likely that next Christmas he will hang on to his own money and take chances on what the angels sing.



The Three Wise Men

Mr. Warren's Christmas Gift

by Emily Hick

Mr. Warren eased himself into his comfortable armchair with a sigh of satisfaction. It had been a good dinner—one of the best his daughter had ever prepared—but he had eaten too much, as people frequently do at Christmas dinner. It would be pleasant to sit back and rest for a while.

The children had had another happy Christmas, and were gaily sorting out their new toys in the next room. Mr. Warren could hear them laughing and shouting, and was glad he had closed the door of the sitting room. At his age he felt the need of quiet and solitude occasionally, so that he could rest a little without being disturbed or criticized.

He hoped Janet had not been too busy to enjoy her Christmas. Like her mother before her, Janet worked hard to make the family's Christmas a merry one, and provided the traditional dinner in all its glory. She must be tired after the excitement of the big day.

Little Bobby burst in on his grandfather's reverie. "Hello, granddad—oh, were you asleep?"

"No, Bobby." The old man smiled as he raised himself on one arm. "Was Santa good to you this year?"

"Was he ever!" The child's eyes shone with delight as he described the wonderful toys he had received. "But the sled was the best. Gee, I've wanted a sled for so long, but Daddy said he couldn't afford

it. So I'm glad Santa brought me one."

"And Daddy won't have to worry about it any more either, will he? Because he wanted you to have a sled like the other boys, you know." Mr. Warren looked earnestly at Bobby who nodded his curly head eagerly.

"Yeah, I'm glad about that, too. And it's a real sled." He went on, "with steel runners like the big fellows have, and I can steer it, too. It's just right."

"Well, Bobby, I guess Santa knew what you wanted."

"Gee, he sure did. I'm going to take it out right now, and see how it works. But Betty wants to come, and she's a girl." Bobby rubbed his shoe over the carpet as he spoke, and frowned a little.

"Maybe she wants to ride on your sled—don't forget, she doesn't have one of her own."

"I know, but she's a girl, and besides, she has a whole bunch of dolls to play with. I want to ride it myself."

Mr. Warren smiled softly as if to himself, and murmured, "Let her try it tomorrow, then. Tell her she can have it tomorrow."

"Gee, I will. And then I can have it all to myself now." Bobby reached up to kiss his grandfather, and hurried out of the room, slamming the door.

The old man trembled slightly at the sound, then settled back into the soft hollows of his chair.

Tomorrow. What would tomorrow bring? Just another day, like

all the others. All the days were the same now, and the next one came before he knew the other one was gone. He didn't seem to have much time or energy for anything any more. Things had been different, since Alice died—she had been good to him. And now Janet was grown up with two youngsters of her own, and didn't need him any more. Time went so fast. It seemed only yesterday that she had climbed on his knee and begged him for a sled for Christmas. And he hadn't been able to give it to her.

She hadn't wanted him to get Buggy the sled, because she knew his pension was small. But she had been glad then he bought it.

He had saved the money for a long time. He hadn't minded not getting a new overcoat—the sled was more important. He could get a new overcoat next year. The years didn't mean so much to him as they did to Bobby. The child wouldn't know that for a long time, but it didn't matter. He had his sled, and that was what really counted....

Mr. Warren was snoring quietly when Janet opened the door. She smiled gently. Dear old Dad. How like him to remember about the sled, and get one for her son. Or did he remember? He was getting so old. She wondered what he thought about as he dozed in his chair all day.

Janet bent over to kiss his forehead, and he opened his eyes. He smiled up at her with some of his old confidence.

"It was a merry Christmas, wasn't it, my dear, for all of us?" he asked.

ahcuvbm mswasbbwl wvw w

Marshmallow—p. 3

them. Why did people suppose he wasn't normal like other children? He would love a truck, or a pair of skates, or an electric train—just once. There wasn't much a child could do with TFT, especially when his position didn't allow him to wear them.

So there was a good reason for the strange, ill-assorted group that had gathered there in the woods under the sign with an arrow to look sorrowful. But (like everyone in 1950) they were trying to escape, and the "Marshmallow World—10 Miles" was their goal. And rather than attempt to delve too deeply into the inner mysteries, and spoil their hopes, I will leave them there on the last lap of their journey—Rudolph, hoping to escape further degradation; Frosty, who hoped to find there a relief from the Nightmare; and the LB with the TFTM who looked forward to keeping his mouth closed.

And perhaps if the Spirit of Christmas wins its bout with the Spirit of Commerce this year, they'll get their wish.

Wopsle Wishes—p. 3

gantic snowball. By the time I reached the bottom, only the tip of my tail was showing through the mass of snow!"

"Were you rescued?" I asked breathlessly.

"Luckily, yes! A chap named Boswell led the excavating operations, and following my tail down, they soon uncovered me. My remarkable recovery after the shocking experience was attributed to the prompt administration of a dose of an—ah—alcoholic beverage of intoxicating qualities."

"Professor Wopsle! Surely you didn't—"

He blushed. "Indeed yes. I became temporarily inebriated and created quite a stir by reciting a number of rather—ahem—earthy witticisms, such as the one about the individual from the South who said to his girl friend:

"The Party—p. 3

fect to keep out the bitter Korean cold—he wished he had been one of the officers, who could take time off to celebrate, even in the midst of war.

The colonel put his mug down and called for attention: "Someone had better go around the lines and check up. Any volunteers?" Hampton stood up and stretched; "I'll go. I could do with a breath of air anyway. I should be back by twelve—so keep some hooch for me." He put on his coat and went out.

Hampton trudged through the snow on his way back to the post—everything was quiet, too quiet, surely the Chinese weren't feeling the spirit of the season, it just wasn't possible.

All of a sudden he stopped—from over the hill came the sound of a lone plane, probably reconnaissance, he thought. The deep throb rose acridly in pitch to a high scream, and a dimshape streaked over his head. It dipped suddenly, there was a flash, then a dull explosion echoed over the hills. Pretty close to HQ, that must have been, the thought, and resumed his lonely walk.

"Funny thing sir," said the sergeant. "One minute they're having a party, a Christmas party, and then the next some Commie comes and drops a bomb—all dead—it don't seem right, somehow."

ART EXHIBIT

Students who had their art work in the "Student Art Exhibit" at the Union which opened Wednesday, Dec. 13, are asked to please call for their work at the NFOUS room in the Union on Friday, December 15, from 2-5 p.m.

TRIP WEST.

Desire lift to Detroit or some place on way (Hamilton, London, Toronto, Leave Dec. 21 or 22. Willing to share expenses and help with driving. Bob Usher, De. 5151.

STUDENT DIRECTORIES

The McGill Student Directories are now on sale for 35c each. They may be purchased at the Tuck Shop, the Medical Building, the Engineering Building or the Arts Building.

618-X

Seasonable Saying

And I do come home for Christmas—a final prescription. "To be taken mas. We all do, or we all should, for life."

We all come home, or ought to come home for a short holiday—the longer, the better—from the great boarding-school, where we are forever working at our arithmetical slates, to take, and give rest.

(Charles Dickens).

My best wishes for your merry Christmases and your Happy New Years, your long lives and your true prosperities. Worth twenty pounds, good if they are delivered as I send them. Remember! Here's

(Thomas Tusser)

Our souls are like sparrows Imprisoned in the clay; Bless Him who came to give the wings, Upon a Christmas day.

(Elizabeth Warf)

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Christmas

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Key Chain 4⁰⁰

Pen & Pencil Set 6²⁵

Two Tilts on Tab For Inter Squad

Cagers to Meet Ottawa and Carleton; Cunningham to Play

Taking to the road for the first time this season, Manny Schacter's intermediate cagers travel to Ottawa for two regular Ottawa-St. Lawrence Conference contests against Ottawa University and Carleton College.

Thus far this season, the Braves have won two games and lost two and hope to make their record four wins against a single loss after the pair of weekend games.

In making this trip the inters will have a new face in the lineup. He is Bruce Cunningham. Bruce, who has up to now toiled for the senior Redmen will make his debut in Brave livery and is expected to give added punch to the team. Standing over six feet tall, Bruce possesses a great deal of drive and is a valuable man under the baskets.

Aside from Cunningham, coach Schacter will stand pat with the

lineup that beat the Loyola Warriors 48-36 in the team's last outing.

In the Ottawans however the little Redmen are meeting two top-notch clubs. Ottawa University has, for the past few years, been a power in Intermediate cage competition and from advance reports is stronger than last year. Boasting

such stars as versatile Marc Rochon and Gaetan 'Gates' Valois the Carabins will be mighty tough. The Braves too however have a strong team and with such men as Mel Mikalachki, former Montreal High School ace, Jim Shea, Pete Slemers and Lefty Berger they will be hard to beat.

LOST

A black passport type wallet containing many valuable papers in the Arts building last Tuesday morning. Finder please notify Mr. Raether at DE. 1475. Reward.

LAVAL POSTMEN



Gilles Lavigne, Luc Hamelin and Claude Boulet seem to be carrying the mail for Laval's new entry in Senior Intercollegiate circles. They will show here tonight with the Quebecers in a Senior Quebec Intercollegiate game, the second for McGill and Laval. The game will start at 8.15 to

allow the McGill team to catch a train to Boston where they will meet Boston College in an exhibition game. Clan Campbell will be gunning for their first win tonight and the coach has termed them ready to start their long climb for the championship.

CASA Swim All-Stars Unite Against McGill

Kenny Mather Meets McGill's Peter Mingie Diving Event Features Dominion Medalists

The combined swimming talent of Quebec will be fashioned into a battering ram on Saturday night, with which to hit McGill. Coach Norm Ashton's Red Mermen will face the C.A.S.A. All-Stars in a dual meet, at the McGill memorial pool as part of the Athletics Night program. Spearheading the Stars will be swimmers from Y.M.H.A., Concordia, Central YMCA and Palestre Nationale.

All eyes are focused on the 100 yard backstroke event where the youthful Central Y backstroke star Kenny Mather, meets McGill's Peter Mingie. Mather was narrowly beaten by Mingie in a recent open meet. The "Y" youngster, he's only 16, having gotten that close to McGill's Olympic star, will go all out on Saturday.

The diving event features two Dominion medalists in P. Fittie and Marie of Palestre Nationale. P. Fittie was one meter king and Marie, high board winner. Delise of McGill will try his hand at cracking this select company.

The CASA freestylers are tops in abundance. Syd Kastner Y.M.H.A.'s speedy distance ace is headed for 220 and 440 yard.

Freestyle runs, Gordie Young, Central Y's flashy sprinter Boidie of Concordia and Goldberg of Y.M.H.A. will go in the shorter crawl events.

Ian MacDonald, Herald sports-writer will go in the 200 yd. breaststroke event. Teddy Small, the brother of McGill's Pete Small may also enter this event. Both stars swim for the Central Y.

The McGill squad will send Pete Mingie and Graham Rainbow to the sprint wars with high hopes. Both looked good against Amherst.

Backstroking duties are assigned to Adin Merrow and Pete

Mingie. The breaststroke will have Irwin Kopin and Gusta Sperling swimming for McGill.

Pete Issemman may go in either the distance, sprints or both. His 100 yd. clockings against Amherst establish him as near the best McGill has to offer in freestylers. Pete, like a good drink, gets better with time. Coach Ashton hopes the "stuff" is at a zenith for the new year, meets against Howard, Bowdoin, Budgeport, Springfield, and Lasalle.

Pete Small and Charlie Falconer will go the distance events for the Red Mermen. Charlie is a nervous newcomer. Pete is on the way up.

Skating Lessons

Two students are wanted to teach the Ponsard Rink (Snowdon) in plain skating and figure skating at January. Tuesday afternoons, 4-6 p.m. Approx. 30-40 girls. Good remuneration. See Miss Wood c/o RVC today.

SUMMER EMPLOYMENT

Commencing Jan. 2, 1951 the Placement Service will register students for summer employment. Registration hours will be from 9 to 4:30, Monday to Friday.

Luckless McGillians Face Winless Laval at Forum

Polo Contest For Title With Toronto

The McGill water polo team will play Toronto Varsity tomorrow as part of the Athletics Night program. This is the second of the two game total-point Intercollegiate championship series.

McGill lost the first game which was played in Toronto two weeks ago 9-0, to give the Blues a lead of nine points in the series. This will prove quite a handicap as the game is played under the old FINA rules which prohibit swimming after the whistle.

The team is in excellent spirits. They are just beginning to hit their stride. They have won their last two games and coach Ashton is certain that they will win this one although whether they beat Toronto by nine points is debatable.

WIN RETURN GAMES

The Redmen have an imposing record of winning their return games with the city teams. YMCA dropped the Red and White 13-4 early in the season only to be beaten in the return bout 10-6.

JOHN JONAS.

Red Hockey Team Out To Crash Win Column Tonight

By BOB BORNSTEIN

Misery loves company and two teams, both in a state of misery right now, will be in each other's company tonight at the Forum.

Laval and McGill, both winless, clash and the winner moves out of the cellar in the league standings. Starting time is 8:15 to allow the Redmen to make a train which will carry them to Boston for an exhibition game with Boston College Saturday night.

Laval is the new entry in the loop replacing Queen's, who became tired of getting beaten week after week and gave it up as a bad job.

In its only outing so far, the Quebec City squad took one on the chin from U of M, and therefore the Laval boys and the Redmen have something in common—great respect for Les Carabins.

Leo Bourgault, former NHL performer, is coach of the new entry and has high hopes for his charges in the current campaign. The Laval team plays its home games in the spacious Quebec Coliseum which seats 12,000.

Drouin and Constantin are the Laval goalkers; Talbot, Roddy Roy, Beclard, Houle and Dufour, the defencemen; Dubeau, Hamelin, and Belzile, the centres; Claude Roy, Lavigne, and Labrie, right wings; Lagace, Boulet, and Alain, left wings.

Morin and Paradis are substitutes and Marc Lagace is the team captain.

Redmentor Dave Campbell will show a revised line-up before the home folks. Wright will be in goals again, with Robertson and Reynolds one defence duo in front of him, and Appleby and Zemel, the other.

Rube Zemel missed the first game against the Carabins, but played well in Toronto and remains on the blue-line.

Harry Irving centers Kent and Parsons on one forward line; Duke pivots Robillard and Teasdale on another, and Knutson will be flanked by Marchessault and O'Neill on a third attacking unit.

Len Shaw, the good fullback with the Inter Indians and a fine defenceman for the Inter Braves, will make the Boston trip. Campbell rates this fellow highly and

SPORTS MENU

SKIING NOTICE

Those wishing to apply for 'C' class Zone cards must pass a Qualification test if they are applying for one for the first time. The first test will be held at Saint Sauveur des Monts, on Sunday, December 17th. All competitors will report to Mr. Simon M. Yuen at Nymark's Lodge not later than 11.00 a.m. Entries will be accepted there. Entry Fee will be 25 cents. Clubs will be notified of the results of this test by mail.

INTERMEDIATE HOCKEY NOTICE

The team will practice on Monday from 2-3, and Tuesday from 3-4.

TRIP TO LOUISIANA.

Am driving to New Orleans, La., Dec. 21st. Return by Dec. 31st. Can take two. Roger C. Seyferth, Med. IV., 754 Sherbrooke St. W., Apt. 14.

INTRAMURAL

BOWLING

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16—1.00 P.M.

Eng. 'Coconuts' vs. Dents 4 'A'.
Dents 1 & 2 'D' vs. Paupers.
Eng. 'Carlots' vs. Millionaires.
Dents 4 'B' vs. Dents 1 & 2 'C'.

GREETINGS!

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for a

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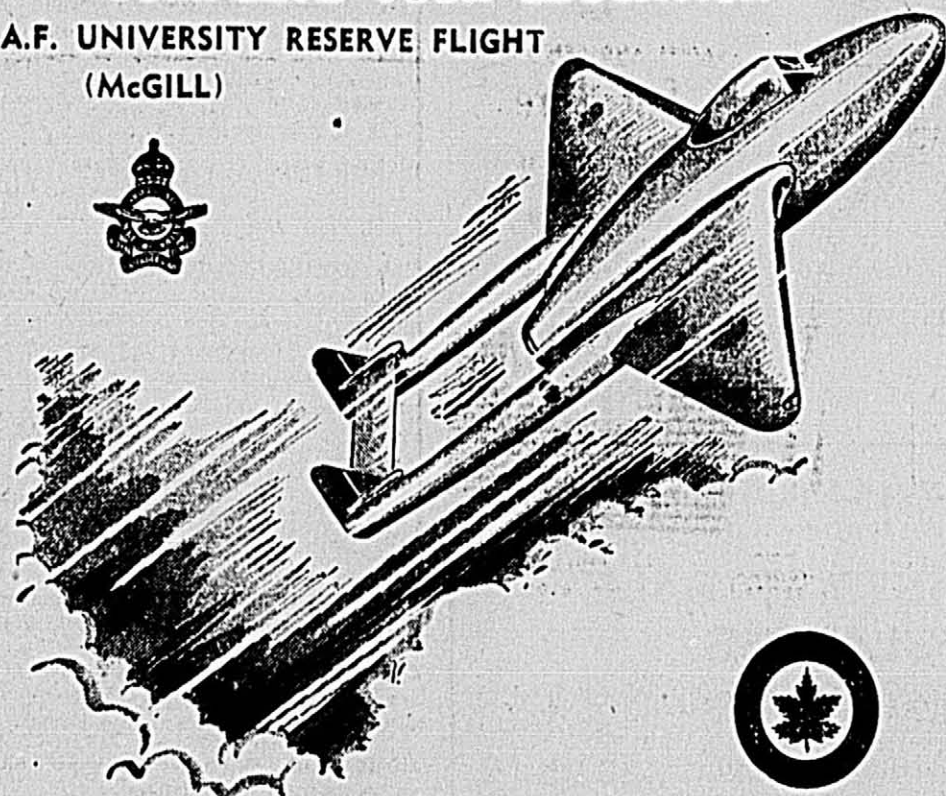
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AERONAUTICAL ENGINEERING:

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APPLY NOW!



Santa to Offer Film Aspirants Opportunities

Santa Claus is offering an opportunity to students to work in the movies! Those interested in directing, acting, photography, lighting, sound or script are urged to attend a meeting on Monday, Dec. 18 at 1 p.m. in the Union Club Room. "Previous experience is not necessary and as many students as possible are required," the executive said.

The movie will be a documentary film on campus life, in technicolor, and will have a sound-track. The cost is estimated to be \$400 although the exact budget has not as yet been determined.

Preliminary work will begin over the holidays and the actual filming will begin in January.

The movie will be shown at McGill in various Grad centres and possibly at local theatres. If the film is a success, a full-length feature may be produced next year.



EXPORT

CANADA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

Dr. E. Fackenheim to Scan Jewish Beliefs

Dr. Emil L. Fackenheim, lecturer in philosophy at the University of Toronto, will be the guest speaker at the closing Hillel Oneg Shabbat Lecture Forum. He will discuss the question "What can a Modern Jew Believe?"

This event is scheduled for Friday evening, Dec. 15, at 8:15 at Hillel House, 3460 Stanley Street.

Born in Halle, Germany, Dr. Fackenheim completed his undergraduate studies in Philosophy, Semitics and Classics in his home town university. This was followed by further study at the University of Aberdeen and at the University of Toronto, where he obtained his doctorate. In 1939 he was ordained a Rabbi in Berlin after completing his studies in Judaea and Rabbinic Education.

Raft Debate Prove Eng. Needed; Talk Tonight

'Philosopher & Clergyman Ready to Meet Maker'

Gerald Burke, arguing for the philosopher, stated that, "through the annals of time, in every field of endeavour, the philosophers have been the leaders; without them there would probably have been no civilization."

George McClintock, of Theology, agreed that society is in dire straits today, but maintained that the clergyman is best suited to imbue society with the ideals it lacks. "The very fact that we are calmly discussing the situation, and not fighting for possession of the life-belt, is itself a forceful argument for the salvation of the clergyman, if I could accept. However, my calling will force me to decline the offer I am sure you will make."

The audience, who were called upon to judge the debate, awarded the life-belt (and the decision) to the engineer. Mike Wilson was the chairman.

Business Acumen

Ed Gray, the businessman, asserted that proves the raft was leaking because it had been made by an engineer. "If you give me the life-belt," he promised, "I will auction it off for a fabulous sum, with my business acumen, and provide your surviving relatives with fancy clothes and finery to cheer them up."

LOST
4 pairs metal ski poles, 1 pair skis marked 'H. Eartly', 1 ski serial No. 243, Gressiv, 1 ski serial No. 3746. Near Nymarks Sunday, substantial reward. Please call Monty Squire at EL. 7579 or H. Eartly, WI. 7750.

LOST
Three keys on a chain with a dice. Lost on Shuter Street between R.V.C. and the Currie Gym on Thursday. Finder please leave them at R.V.C. or call UN. 0158 and ask for Polly.

COMING EVENTS

- December 15**
- CHORAL SOCIETY**—Practice before the concert this evening. Time: 5 p.m. Place: Currie Gym.
- CHORAL SOCIETY**—Assembly for concert which is to begin at 8:30 sharp. Dress: Girls—white dresses and red blazers. Men—Grey flannels and navy blazers. Dance after concert. All students invited. Time: 7:45 p.m. Place: B.W.F. Room, the Gym.
- HILLEL**—Oneg Shabbat Lecture Forum. Guest speaker—Dr. Emil Fackenheim. Subject—"What can a modern Jew believe?" Time: 8:15 p.m. Place: Hillel House.
- C.C.F. CLUB**—Dave Corbett, Faculty of Commerce, will speak on "Forms of Public Ownership". Time: 1 p.m. Place: The Salon, Third floor.
- HUNGARIAN CLUB**—Election of officers and an outline of proposed activity will take place. Time 1 p.m. Place: Union Board Room.
- CHRISTOPHER MOVEMENT FILM**—"You Can Change the World", starring Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Loretta Young and other stars. Admission: free. Time: 1 p.m. Place: Room 250, Biology Building.
- ARENA WING WORKSHOP (Players' Club)**—Three one-act plays will be presented. Admission free. Time: 8 p.m. Place: Union Club Room.
- December 16**
- CHINESE STUDENTS' SOCIETY**—Gala Turkey Roll. All Chinese students urged to attend. Cordial invitation to all Nesei. Time: 2 p.m. Place: 891 St. Catherine St. West.
- RED & WHITE REVUE**—Dance Rehearsal. Girls: 1 p.m. Boys: Time: 3 p.m. Place: Union.
- December 17**
- RED & WHITE REVUE**—Dancing Rehearsal. Time: 1 p.m. Place: Union. For Boys and Girls.
- INTERCOLLEGIATE ZIONIST FEDERATION OF AMERICA (IZFA)**—Mr. Wiseman, M.A. will speak on "Sociological Problems of Kibbutz Galilut". Programme will conclude with folk dancing and group singing. Time: 8 p.m. Place: Hillel Foundation.
- CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP**—Carol Service. Speaker Dr. C. P. Martin, Chairman, Dept. of Anatomy. Refreshments. Time: 9 p.m. Place: Reading Room, Union.
- December 18**
- FRANKLIN SOCIETY**—Monthly meeting. Speaker: Prof. Brian Bird, Dept. of Geography. Topic Southampton Island, N.W.T., 1950. Refreshments. Time: 8 p.m. Place: Arctic Institute, 3485 University Street.
- GERMAN CLUB**—Christmas Party. Bring 25c present. Time: 8 p.m. Place: 44 Aberdeen Avenue.
- SPANISH CLUB**—Last meeting of the year. Guest speaker Dr. S. Hernandez, Consul General of El Salvador. Dancing. Refreshments. Time: 8 p.m. Place: Union.
- FILM MAKING GROUP**—Opportunity for anyone interested in participating in making a film at McGill this year. This film will be in technicolor on 16mm film with sound. A large staff will be needed in this undertaking. It is emphasized that anyone may work on the film whether experienced or not. Time: 1-2 p.m. Place: Clubroom.

- December 19**
- PHI EPSILON ALPHA SOCIETY**—Guest Speaker: Dr. C. Martin, Dept. of Anatomy. Topic: "Evolution of a Moral Sense". Members are reminded to sign catering list on E.U.S. Notice Board. Time: 7:30 p.m. Place: Union.
- DELTA PHI EPSILON SORORITY**—Campus Carnival. Proceeds for McGill Bursary. Admission 25c. Time: 7:30 p.m. Place: Union Ballroom.
- COSMO CLUB**—Christmas Party. Stag or Drag. Bring Wrapped gift (maximum 25c). Admission 35c for members and 45c for non-members. Time: 8 p.m. Place: Union Lounge.
- MUSIC CLUB**—All Mozart programme. All are welcome. Time: 8 p.m. Place: 3450 Drummond Street.
- NEWMAN CLUB**—Christmas Party. Carol singing. Refreshments. Admission 50c. Time: 8:30 p.m. Place: Newman House.
- December 20**
- B.W.I. SOCIETY**—Annual Xmas Party. Society members 50c. Non-members 75c. Refreshments served. Time: 8 p.m. Place: Union Ballroom.

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COMMUNION SUNDAY

11.00 a.m. "THE MASTER'S RIGHT TO SPEAK"

11.00 a.m. Church School.

7.30 p.m. "START WHERE YOU ARE"

8.30 p.m. Sunday Evening Club—Annual Carol Festival.

Organist and Choirmaster: Kenneth Meek, B.Mus., L.Mus.

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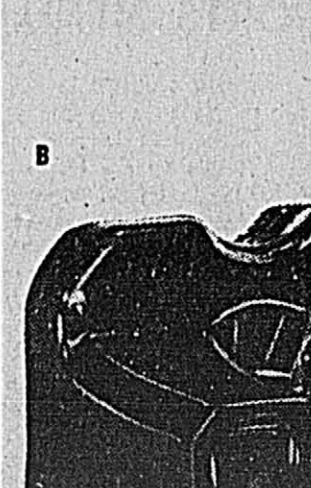
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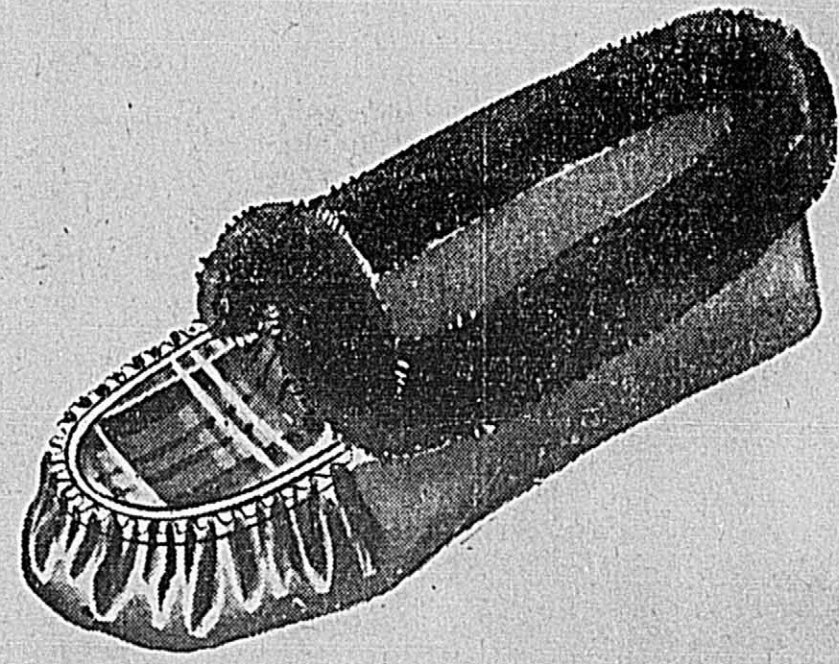


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